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MESSENGER POEMS

BY KĀLIDĀSA, DHOYĪ & RŪPA GOSVĀMIN

TRANSLATED BY
SIR JAMES MALLINSON

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A *sandhi* grid is printed on the inside of the back cover

SANSKRIT ALPHABETICAL ORDER

Vowels:	*a ā i ī u ū ṛ ṝ ḷ ḹ e ai o au ṃ ḥ*
Gutturals:	*k kh g gh ṅ*
Palatals:	*c ch j jh ñ*
Retroflex:	*ṭ ṭh ḍ ḍh ṇ*
Labials:	*p ph b bh m*
Semivowels:	*y r l v*
Spirants:	*ś ṣ s h*

GUIDE TO SANSKRIT PRONUNCIATION

a b*u*t
ā, â r*a*ther
i s*i*t
ī, î f*ee*
u p*u*t
ū,û b*oo*
ṛ vocalic *r*, American p*ur*dy or English p*re*tty
ṝ lengthened *ṛ*
ḷ vocalic *l*, ab*le*
e, ê, ē m*a*de, esp. in Welsh pronunciation
ai b*i*te
o, ô, ō r*o*pe, esp. Welsh pronunciation; Italian s*o*lo
au s*ou*nd
ṃ *anusvāra* nasalizes the preceding vowel
ḥ *visarga*, a voiceless aspiration (resembling English *h*), or like Scottish lo*ch*, or an aspiration with a faint echoing of the preceding vowel so that *taiḥ* is pronounced *taih*^{i}
k lu*ck*
kh blo*ckh*ead
g *g*o
gh bi*gh*ead
ṅ a*n*ger
c *ch*ill
ch mat*chh*ead
j *j*og
jh aspirated *j*, he*dgeh*og
ñ ca*ny*on
ṭ retroflex *t*, *t*ry (with the tip of tongue turned up to touch the hard palate)
ṭh same as the preceding but aspirated
ḍ retroflex *d* (with the tip of tongue turned up to touch the hard palate)
ḍh same as the preceding but aspirated
ṇ retroflex *n* (with the tip of tongue turned up to touch the hard palate)

t	French *t*out	*r*	trilled, resembling the Italian pronunciation of *r*
th	ten*t h*ook	*l*	*l*inger
d	*d*inner	*v*	*w*ord
dh	guil*dh*all	*ś*	*sh*ore
n	*n*ow	*ṣ*	retroflex *sh* (with the tip of the tongue turned up to touch the hard palate)
p	*p*ill	*s*	hi*ss*
ph	u*ph*eaval	*h*	*h*ood
b	*b*efore		
bh	a*bh*orrent		
m	*m*ind		
y	*y*es		

CSL PUNCTUATION OF ENGLISH

The acute accent on Sanskrit words when they occur outside of the Sanskrit text itself, marks stress, e.g. Ramáyana. It is not part of traditional Sanskrit orthography, transliteration or transcription, but we supply it here to guide readers in the pronunciation of these unfamiliar words. Since no Sanskrit word is accented on the last syllable it is not necessary to accent disyllables, e.g. Rama.

The second CSL innovation designed to assist the reader in the pronunciation of lengthy unfamiliar words is to insert an unobtrusive middle dot between semantic word breaks in compound names (provided the word break does not fall on a vowel resulting from the fusion of two vowels), e.g. Maha·bhárata, but Ramáyana (not Rama·áyana). Our dot echoes the punctuating middle dot (·) found in the oldest surviving forms of written Indic, the Ashokan inscriptions of the third century BCE.

The deep layering of Sanskrit narrative has also dictated that we use quotation marks only to announce the beginning and end of every direct speech, and not at the beginning of every paragraph.

An asterisk (*) in the body of the text marks the word or passage being annotated.

CSL PUNCTUATION OF SANSKRIT

The Sanskrit text is also punctuated, in accordance with the punctuation of the English translation. In mid-verse, the punctuation will

not alter the *sandhi* or the scansion. Proper names are capitalized. Most Sanskrit metres have four "feet" *(pāda):* where possible we print the common *śloka* metre on two lines. In the Sanskrit text, we use French *Guillemets* (e.g. *«kva saṃcicīrṣuḥ?»*) instead of English quotation marks (e.g. "Where are you off to?") to avoid confusion with the apostrophes used for vowel elision in *sandhi*.

Sanskrit presents the learner with a challenge: *sandhi* ("euphonic combination"). *Sandhi* means that when two words are joined in connected speech or writing (which in Sanskrit reflects speech), the last letter (or even letters) of the first word often changes; compare the way we pronounce "the" in "the beginning" and "the end."

In Sanskrit the first letter of the second word may also change; and if both the last letter of the first word and the first letter of the second are vowels, they may fuse. This has a parallel in English: a nasal consonant is inserted between two vowels that would otherwise coalesce: "a pear" and "an apple." Sanskrit vowel fusion may produce ambiguity. The chart at the back of each book gives the full *sandhi* system.

Fortunately it is not necessary to know these changes in order to start reading Sanskrit. For that, what is important is to know the form of the second word without *sandhi* (pre-*sandhi*), so that it can be recognized or looked up in a dictionary. Therefore we are printing Sanskrit with a system of punctuation that will indicate, unambiguously, the original form of the second word, i.e., the form without *sandhi*. Such *sandhi* mostly concerns the fusion of two vowels.

In Sanskrit, vowels may be short or long and are written differently accordingly. We follow the general convention that a vowel with no mark above it is short. Other books mark a long vowel either with a bar called a macron (*ā*) or with a circumflex (*â*). Our system uses the macron, except that for initial vowels in *sandhi* we use a circumflex to indicate that originally the vowel was short, or the shorter of two possibilities (*e* rather than *ai*, *o* rather than *au*).

When we print initial *â*, before *sandhi* that vowel was *a*

î or *ê*,	*i*
û or *ô*,	*u*
âi,	*e*

âu,	*o*
ā,	*ā* (i.e., the same)
ī,	*ī* (i.e., the same)
ū,	*ū* (i.e., the same)
ē,	*ī*
ō,	*ū*
āi,	*ai*
āu,	*au*

', before *sandhi* there was a vowel *a*

FURTHER HELP WITH VOWEL SANDHI

When a final short vowel (*a*, *i* or *u*) has merged into a following vowel, we print *'* at the end of the word, and when a final long vowel (*ā*, *ī* or *ū*) has merged into a following vowel we print *"* at the end of the word. The vast majority of these cases will concern a final *a* or *ā*.

Examples:

What before *sandhi* was *atra asti* is represented as *atr' âsti*

atra āste	*atr' āste*
kanyā asti	*kany" âsti*
kanyā āste	*kany" āste*
atra iti	*atr' êti*
kanyā iti	*kany" êti*
kanyā īpsitā	*kany" ēpsitā*

Finally, three other points concerning the initial letter of the second word:

(1) A word that before *sandhi* begins with *ṛ* (vowel), after *sandhi* begins with *r* followed by a consonant: *yatha" rtu* represents pre-*sandhi yathā ṛtu; atra' ṛṣiḥ* represents pre-*sandhi atra ṛṣiḥ*.

(2) When before *sandhi* the previous word ends in *t* and the following word begins with *ś*, after *sandhi* the last letter of the previous word is *c* and the following word begins with *ch*: *syāc chāstravit* represents pre-*sandhi syāt śāstravit*.

(3) Where a word begins with *h* and the previous word ends with a double consonant, this is our simplified spelling to show the pre-*sandhi*

form: *tad hasati* is commonly written as *tad dhasati*, but we write *tadd hasati* so that the original initial letter is obvious.

COMPOUNDS

We also punctuate the division of compounds (*samāsa*), simply by inserting a thin vertical line between words. There are words where the decision whether to regard them as compounds is arbitrary. Our principle has been to try to guide readers to the correct dictionary entries.

WORDPLAY

Classical Sanskrit literature can abound in puns *(śleṣa).* Such paronomasia, or wordplay, is raised to a high art; rarely is it a *cliché*. Multiple meanings merge *(śliṣyanti)* into a single word or phrase. Most common are pairs of meanings, but as many as ten separate meanings are attested. To mark the parallel senses in the English, as well as the punning original in the Sanskrit, we use a *slanted* font (different from *italic*) and a triple colon *(⁝)* to separate the alternatives. E.g.

> Yuktaṃ Kādambarīṃ śrutvā kavayo maunam āśritāḥ
> *Bāṇa|dhvanāv* an|adhyāyo bhavat' îti smṛtir yataḥ.
>
> "It is right that poets should fall silent upon hearing the Kádambari, for the sacred law rules that recitation must be suspended when *the sound of an arrow⁝ the poetry of Bana* is heard."
>
> Soméshvara·deva's "Moonlight of Glory" I.15

EXAMPLE

Where the Deva·nágari script reads:

कुम्भस्थली रक्षतु वो विकीर्णसिन्दूररेरुद्विरदाननस्य ।
प्रशान्तये विघ्नतमश्छटानां निष्ठ्यूतबालातपपल्लवेव ॥

Others would print:

kumbhasthalī rakṣatu vo vikīrṇasindūrareṇur dviradānanasya /
praśāntaye vighnatamaśchaṭānāṃ niṣṭhyūtabālātapapallaveva //

We print:

Kumbha|sthalī rakṣatu vo vikīrṇa|sindūra|reṇur dvirad'|ānanasya
praśāntaye vighna|tamaś|chaṭānāṃ niṣṭhyūta|bāl'|ātapa|pallav" êva.

And in English:

"May Ganésha's domed forehead protect you! Streaked with vermilion dust, it seems to be emitting the spreading rays of the rising sun to pacify the teeming darkness of obstructions."

"Nava·sáhasanka and the Serpent Princess" I.3 by Padma·gupta

INTRODUCTION

KALI·DASA, Sanskrit's greatest and most famous poet, wrote the 'Cloud Messenger' *(Megha|dūta)*, the first Sanskrit messenger poem or *dūta|kāvya*, in approximately the fifth century CE. A *yakṣa*, a servant of the god of wealth, has been exiled from his home in the Himalayas. He sees a cloud heading northwards and begs it to take a message to his wife. His plea, which includes a description of the journey the cloud will take across India and the message it is to give to the *yakṣa*'s sweetheart, is among the best-known and best-loved of all Sanskrit poems.

Dhoyi was a poet at the court of the Sena king Lákshmana who ruled Gauda in what is now Bengal during the latter part of the twelfth century CE. His 'Wind Messenger' *(Pavana|dūta)* is probably the earliest surviving example of the many messenger poems which were written in imitation of the 'Cloud Messenger.' It tells the story of Kuválayavati, a *gandharva* maiden from the south who falls in love with king Lákshmana when she sees him during his victory tour of the world. She asks the south wind to take her message to the king at his court.

Rupa Go·svamin's 'Swan Messenger' *(Haṃsa|dūta)* was composed in the early part of the sixteenth century CE. Rupa was one of the most famous poets of the Gaudíya *sampradāya* established by his contemporary Chaitánya. The Gaudíyas are devotees of Krishna. In the 'Swan Messenger,' Krishna has left Vrinda·vana for Máthura, abandoning the many cowherd girls who adore him. Chief among them was Radha, and she is distraught. Her friend Lálita meets a swan on the banks of the Yámuna and begs him to take a message to Krishna.

The theme of all messenger poems is *viraha*, separation in love. Allusions to romance are never far away. In the descriptions of the messengers' journeys we hear of the passions of the ladies in the territories passed along the way, from women ploughing fields who look lovingly upon the rain-bearing cloud-messenger to the courtesans of Kalínga·nágari whose fatigue after lovemaking is relieved by the cool sandal-scented wind-messenger from the south. There are many tropes conventionally associated with romantic love and youthful beauty in Sanskrit poetry and they are used liberally by all three poets. Couples find themselves bathed in moonbeams and ladies shoot flirtatious side-glances at their sweethearts while sporting the sign of the crescent moon in the shape of scratches from their lovers' fingernails. There is an emphasis on the ladies' natural, unadorned beauty; the beauty of nature provides the backdrop. The theme of *viraha* is reinforced by allusions to desires found in the natural world, such as the peacock's pining for the monsoon, the lotus's longing for the sun, the flamingo's urge to fly to lake Mánasa and a river's passion for the ocean.

Despite sharing Kali·dasa's use of conventional romantic motifs, the two later messenger poems are much more than mere pastiches of the 'Cloud Messenger.' The majority of the *Megha/dūta* (64 out of 111 stanzas) describes the cloud's journey from Rama·giri in modern Madhya Pradesh to the mythical Álaka, on Mount Kailása in the Himalayas; the message is complete in just 13 stanzas. Dhoyi devotes a similar proportion of his work (48 out of 104 stanzas) to describing the wind's journey from Sandal mountain in the south to king Lákshmana's palace at Víjaya·pura in Bengal,

but spends longer on the message (38 stanzas), in which the lovelorn condition of Kuválayavati and the wonderful qualities of the king are described in detail. The journey of the swan in the *Haṃsa|dūta* is concluded in 35 of its 142 stanzas. (The distance the swan has to cover, from Vrindavana to Máthura, is of course far shorter than the journeys of the cloud and wind across India.) Lálita's message takes up over half the poem and, like that of Kuválayavati, dwells upon the state of the grief-stricken lover while praising her sweetheart (although unlike king Lákshmana, Krishna is also chided for forsaking the cowherd girls).

Of the three works, *viraha* finds its purest expression in the 'Cloud Messenger.' In seeking respectively to flatter king Lákshmana and show devotion to Krishna, Dhoyi and Rupa have aims beyond the expression of *rasa*, aesthetic sentiment, which is traditionally the sole purpose of Sanskrit poetry. They devote a greater proportion of their poems to the messages because they can thus pursue these aims more effectively. Kalidasa is able to achieve his end, the evocation of *viraha*, equally well in his description of the cloud's journey as in the *yakṣa*'s message. His purity of motive elevates his work above that of the others.

In style, the 'Cloud Messenger' and 'Wind Messenger' are similar. Rupa's 'Swan Messenger' is more showy than the two earlier works. He uses more puns and employs them ingeniously in order to weave the mythology of Krishna into his work.

Text and Translation

For the *Megha/dūta* I have used Hultzsch's edition of the text transmitted to Vállabha·deva, the earliest commentator on Kali·dasa whose commentaries survive, and one of the earliest commentators on *kāvya*, Sanskrit poetry. In general I have followed Vállabha·deva in my interpretation of the text, but occasionally I do not (e.g. stanza 21). For the *Pavana/dūta* I have used Chakravarti's edition and for the *Haṃsa/dūta* that of Roy (occasionally adopting readings from Kṛṣṇadāsa's edition). The metre of both the 'Cloud Messenger' and 'Wind Messenger' is *mandākrāntā*; that of the 'Swan Messenger' is *śikhariṇī*.

I have tried to be as accurate and clear as possible in my translations and I hope that I have left out little of the literal meaning of the three works. I'm sure however that great lakes of *rasa* remain dammed up in their original Sanskrit. My only consolation will be if my translation inspires and helps readers to take the plunge for themselves.

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KALI·DASA
THE CLOUD MESSENGER

1.1 Kaś cit kāntā|viraha|guruṇā
sv'|âdhikāra|pramattaḥ,
śāpen' âstaṃ|gamita|mahimā,
varṣa|bhogyeṇa bhartuḥ
yakṣaś cakre Janaka|tanayā|
snāna|puṇy'|ôdakeṣu
snigdha|cchāyā|taruṣu vasatiṃ
Rāma|giry|āśrameṣu.

tasminn adrau kati cid a|balā|
viprayuktaḥ sa kāmī
nītvā māsān kanaka|valaya|
bhraṃśa|rikta|prakoṣṭhaḥ,
Āṣāḍhasya praśama|divase
megham āśliṣṭa|sānuṃ
vapra|krīḍā|pariṇata|gaja|
prekṣaṇīyaṃ dadarśa.

tasya sthitvā katham api puraḥ
ketak'|ādhāna|hetoḥ
antar|bāṣpaś ciram anucaro
rāja|rājasya dadhyau.
megh'|āloke bhavati sukhino 'py
anyathā|vṛtti cetaḥ,
kaṇṭh'|āśleṣa|praṇayini jane
kiṃ punar dūra|saṃsthe?

Part One

A certain *yaksha*,* careless in his duties, 1.1
lost his powers through his master's curse.
It was to be suffered for a year
and separation from his sweetheart
made it unbearable.
He took to living in the hermitages on Rama's mountain,
their waters sanctified by Sita's bathing,
their trees giving lovely shade.

After he had spent many months
on the mountain apart from his lady,
that loving husband's golden bracelets slipped off,
leaving his forearms bare.
Then, on the last day of Ashádha,*
he saw clinging to the mountaintop
a cloud looking like an elephant
stooping playfully to butt a bank of earth.

Somehow managing to stand
before the bringer of blossom to the *kétaka* tree,
the servant of the king of kings
was lost in thought for an age,
holding back his tears.
At the sight of a cloud,
the mind of even a happy man takes a turn—
how much more so a man at far remove
longing for an embrace!

pratyāsanne nabhasi dayitā|
jīvit'|ālamban'|ârthī
jīmūtena sva|kuśala|mayīṃ
hārayiṣyan pravṛttim,
saḥ pratyagraiḥ kuṭa|ja|kusumaiḥ
kalpit'|ârghāya tasmai
prītaḥ prīti|pramukha|vacanaṃ
sv|āgataṃ vyājahāra.

1.5 ‹dhūma|jyotiḥ|salila|marutāṃ
saṃnipātaḥ kva meghaḥ,
saṃdeś'|ârthāḥ kva paṭu|karaṇaiḥ
prāṇibhiḥ prāpaṇīyāḥ?›
ity autsukyād a|parigaṇayan
guhyakas taṃ yayāce.
kām'|ārtā hi praṇaya|kṛpaṇāś
cetan'|â|cetaneṣu.

«jātaṃ vaṃśe bhuvana|vidite
Puṣkarāvartakānāṃ,
jānāmi tvāṃ prakṛti|puruṣaṃ
kāma|rūpaṃ Maghonaḥ;
ten' ârthitvaṃ tvayi vidhi|vaśād
dūra|bandhur gato 'haṃ.
yācñā vandhyā varam adhiguṇe,
n' âdhame labdha|kāmā!

With the month of Shrávana* approaching,
he wished to give succor
to his sweetheart's existence.
Hoping that the cloud would carry
news of his well-being,
he welcomed it
with an offering of fresh *kútaja* flowers
and greeted it gladly
in a voice full of fondness.

A cloud is a conglomeration 1.5
of vapor, light, water and wind,
and messages must be conveyed
by living beings with keen faculties.
Ignoring, in his enthusiasm, this incongruity,
the *yaksha* made a request to the cloud—
those consumed by love
petition the sentient and the dumb
indiscriminately.

"Born into the world-famous race of the Púshkaravártakas*
I know that you are the chief servant of Indra the munificent,
and can assume any form you wish,
so I come to you as a supplicant,
fate having taken my wife far from me.
Better a vain request to one exalted
than a successful plea to a wretch!

saṃtaptānāṃ tvam asi śaraṇaṃ,
tat, payo|da, priyāyāḥ
saṃdeśaṃ me hara dhana|pati|
krodha|viśleṣitasya.
gantavyā te vasatir Alakā
nāma yakṣ'|ēśvarāṇāṃ,
bāhy'|ôdyāna|sthita|Hara|śiraś|
candrikā|dhauta|harmyā.

tvām ārūḍhaṃ pavana|padavīm
udgṛhīt'|âlak'|ântāḥ
prekṣiṣyante pathika|vanitāḥ
pratyayād āśvasantyaḥ.
kaḥ saṃnaddhe viraha|vidhurāṃ
tvayy upekṣeta jāyām?
na syād anyo 'py aham iva jano,
yaḥ par'|âdhīna|vṛttiḥ.

āpṛcchasva priya|sakham amuṃ
tuṅgam āliṅgya śailaṃ
vandyaiḥ puṃsām Raghu|pati|padair
aṅkitaṃ mekhalāsu.
kāle kāle bhavati bhavatā
yasya saṃyogam etya
sneha|vyaktiś cira|viraha|jaṃ
muñcato vāṣpam uṣṇam.

You are the resort, o giver of water,
of those on fire with suffering,
so take a message from me to my sweetheart,
cut off as I am by the anger of the lord of wealth.
You must go to the place called Álaka,
the home of the *yaksha* chiefs,
where Shiva lives in the park at the city's edge
and bathes the mansions in the moonlight from his head.*

When you are risen to the way of the wind,
wayfarers' wives will hold up
the ends of their tresses to watch you,
and take comfort from their confirmed convictions.
On your appearance, ready to rain,
what man could forsake a wife
made miserable by separation?
No one—unless, like me,
his life were in another's sway.

Embrace and take leave of your dear friend
this lofty mountain, marked on his slopes
with lord Rama's universally adored footprints.
When he comes into contact with you
every rainy season,
he shows his affection
by giving off hot tears
born of your long separation.

1.10 mandaṃ mandaṃ nudati pavanaś c'
âincluding yathā tvāṃ,
vāmaś c' âyaṃ nadati madhuraṃ
cātakas toya|gṛdhnuḥ.
garbh'|ādhāna|sthira|paricayā
nūnam ābaddha|mālāḥ
seviṣyante nayana|su|bhagaṃ
khe bhavantaṃ balākāḥ.

tāṃ c' âvaśyaṃ divasa|gaṇanā|
tat|parām eka|patnīṃ
a|vyāpannām a|vihata|gatir
drakṣyasi bhrātṛ|jāyām;
āśā|bandhaḥ kusuma|sa|dṛśaṃ
prāyaśo hy aṅganānāṃ
sadyaḥ|pāta|praṇayi hṛdayaṃ
viprayoge ruṇaddhi.

kartuṃ yac ca prabhavati mahīm
utsilindhrām a|vandhyaṃ,
tac chrutvā te śravaṇa|su|bhagaṃ
garjitam Mānas'|ôtkāḥ,
ā Kailāsād bisa|kisalaya|
ccheda|pātheyavantaḥ
saṃpatsyante nabhasi bhavato
rāja|haṃsāḥ sahāyāḥ.

A favorable breeze is gently, gently 1.10
pushing you along
and this beautiful *chátaka* bird,*
greedy for water,
is cooing sweetly at you.
You are lovely to behold
and the cranes,
well aquainted with the rites of conception,
will doubtless line up in the sky
to wait upon you.

And if you go straight there
you will be sure to find your brother's faithful wife
alive and keenly counting the days,
for the heart of a lady is like a flower—
tender and tending suddenly to droop,
but supported in separation by the tie of hope.

And when they hear your thunder,
pregnant and melodious,
capable of bringing blossom
to the plantain trees of the earth,
flamingos eager for Mánasa,*
taking pieces of lotus shoots
as food for the journey,
will be your companions in the sky
all the way to Kailása.

mārgaṃ tāvac chṛṇu kathayatas
tvat|prayāṇ'|ânukūlaṃ,
saṃdeśaṃ me tad|anu, jala|da,
śroṣyasi śrotra|peyam,
khinnaḥ khinnaḥ śikhariṣu padaṃ
nyasya gant" âsi yatra,
kṣīṇaḥ kṣīṇaḥ parilaghu payaḥ
srotasāṃ c' ôpayujya.

‹adreḥ śṛṅgaṃ harati pavanaḥ
kiṃ svid?› ity unmukhībhiḥ
dṛṣṭ'|ôtsāhaś cakita|cakitaṃ
mugdha|siddh'|âṅganābhiḥ
sthānād asmāt sa|rasa|niculād
utpat'|ôdaṅ|mukhaḥ khaṃ,
diṅ|nāgānāṃ pathi pariharan
sthūla|hast'|âvalehān.

1.15 ratna|cchāyā|vyatikara iva
prekṣyam etat purastād
valmīk'|âgrāt prabhavati dhanuṣ|
khaṇḍam Ākhaṇḍalasya,
yena śyāmaṃ vapur atitarāṃ
kāntim āpatsyate te,
barheṇ' êva sphurita|rucinā
gopa|veśasya Viṣṇoḥ.

Before you listen, o cloud,
to my sweet-sounding message,
first hear me tell you
a favorable route for your journey,
along which, whenever you are tired,
you shall rest on mountaintops,
and, whenever you are spent,
you shall enjoy the wholesome water of streams
before going on your way.

With your exertions watched in fearful alarm
by simple *siddha* ladies*
looking up and wondering
whether the wind is carrying away the mountaintop,
face north and rise up into the sky
from this place and its succulent *níchula* canes,
avoiding on your way
the huge flickering trunks
of the elephants of the quarters.

As spectacular as an array of brilliant gems, 1.15
here in front of us part of a rainbow
springs forth from the top of an anthill.*
It will make your dark body especially beautiful,
like the iridescent peacock feather
that adorns the dark body of Vishnu
when he is in his cowherd guise.

tvayy āyattaṃ kṛṣi|phalam iti
bhrū|vilās'|ân|abhijñaiḥ
prīti|snigdhair jana|pada|vadhū|
locanaiḥ pīyamānaḥ,
sadyaḥ|sīr'|ôtkaṣaṇa|surabhi
kṣetram āruhya Mālaṃ,
kiṃ cit paścāt pravalaya gatiṃ
bhūya ev' ôttareṇa.

tvām āsāra|praśamita|van'|ô-
paplavaṃ sādhu mūrdhnā
vakṣyaty adhva|śrama|parigataṃ
sānumān Āmrakūṭaḥ.
na kṣudro 'pi prathama|su|kṛt'|â-
pekṣayā saṃśrayāya
prāpte mitre bhavati vimukhaḥ;
kiṃ punar yas tath" ôccaiḥ?

chann'|ôpāntaḥ pariṇata|phala|
dyotibhiḥ kānan'|āmrais
tvayy ārūḍhe śikharam a|calaḥ
snigdha|veṇī|sa|varṇe
nūnaṃ yāsyaty amara|mithuna|
prekṣaṇīyām avasthāṃ:
madhye śyāmaḥ stana iva bhuvaḥ,
śeṣa|vistāra|pāṇḍuḥ.

The harvest depends upon you,
so the eyes of the country women—
brows wet with joy
innocently flirting—
will drink you in.
As they do so,
go a little to the west,
over the plain of Mala,
fragrant from its recent plowing,
before turning once more to the north.

When you have extinguished the forest fires
with your downpours
and are exhausted from your journey,
Mount Amra·kuta* will duly support you on its peak.
Mindful of past favors, not even a lowly man
turns his back on a friend come for shelter,
let alone one so lofty!

The mountain's flanks are covered
in wild mango trees shining with ripe fruit
and you are the color
of a well-oiled braid of hair.
When you surmount the peak,
it will surely become a worthy sight
for coupling celestials,
looking as it will
like the breast of the world,
dark in the middle, pale all around.

sthitvā tasmin vana|cara|vadhū|
bhukta|kuñje muhūrtaṃ,
toy'|ôtsarga|druta|tara|gatis
tat|paraṃ vartma tīrṇaḥ,
Revāṃ drakṣyasy upala|viṣame
Vindhya|pāde viśīrṇāṃ,
bhakti|cchedair iva viracitāṃ
bhūtim aṅge gajasya.

1.20 tasyās *tiktair* vana|gaja|madair
vāsitaṃ vānta/vṛṣṭir
jambū|ṣaṇḍa|pratihata|rayaṃ
toyam ādāya gaccheḥ.
antaḥ|sāraṃ, *ghana*, tulayituṃ
n' *ânilaḥ* śakṣyati tvāṃ.
riktaḥ sarvo bhavati hi laghuḥ;
pūrṇatā gauravāya.

nīpaṃ dṛṣṭvā harita|kapiśaṃ
kesarair ardha|rūḍhair,
āvir|bhūta|prathama|mukulāḥ
kandalīś c' ânukaccham,
dagdh'|âraṇyeṣv adhika|surabhiṃ
gandham āghrāya c' ôrvyāḥ
sāraṅgās te jala|lava|mucaḥ
sūcayiṣyanti mārgam.

After resting for a while on that mountain,
its bowers enjoyed by forest-dwellers' wives,
cross to the way beyond it,
your gait quickened
by the discharge of your water.
You shall see Reva* scattered
about the rugged rocky foot of the Vindhyas,
like a pretty pattern
drawn on the body of an elephant.

Her water is *scented : infused* 1.20
with the *fragrant : bitter* ichor of wild elephants
and its flow is checked
by thickets of rose-apple trees;
after *disgorging your rain : vomiting*,
you should drink it and move on.
With water inside, *o cloud : o fat man*,
the wind : wind cannot disturb you.
Emptied, everyone becomes lightweight;
fullness makes for gravity.*

As you shower drops of water,
the bees,
on seeing the *kadámba* tree
yellow and brown with its half-grown filaments,
the antelopes,
on eating the newly budding *kándali*
along the riverbanks,
and the elephants,
on smelling the increasingly fragrant
odor of the earth in the parched forests,
will show you the way.*

utpaśyāmi drutam api, sakhe,
mat|priy”|ârthaṃ yiyāsoḥ
kāla|kṣepaṃ kakubha|surabhau
parvate parvate te,
śukl’|âpāṅgaiḥ sa|nayana|jalaiḥ
sv|āgatī|kṛtya kekāḥ
pratyudyātaḥ katham api bhavān
gantum āśu vyavasyet!

pāṇḍu|cchāy’|ôpavana|vṛtayaḥ
ketakaiḥ sūci|bhinnair,
nīḍ’|ārambhair gṛha|bali|bhujām
ākula|grāma|caityāḥ
tvayy āsanne phala|pariṇata|
śyāma|jambū|van’|āntāḥ
saṃpatsyante katipaya|dina|
sthāyi|haṃsā Daśārṇāḥ.

teṣāṃ dikṣu prathita|Vidiśā|
lakṣaṇāṃ rāja|dhānīṃ
gatvā sadyaḥ phalam a|vikalaṃ
kāmukatvasya labdhā;
tīr’|ôpānta|stanita|su|bhagaṃ
pāsyasi svādu yat, tat
sa|bhrū|bhaṅgaṃ mukham iva payo
Vetravatyāś cal’|ōrmi.

I expect, o friend,
that even though you shall want to hurry
for the sake of my beloved,
you will be held up on each and every mountain
fragrant with *kútaja* flowers—
watery-eyed peacocks
will greet you with cries of welcome.
Please somehow try to go quickly!

When you draw near to the country of Dashárna,
its garden hedges will turn white
with open-tipped *kétaka* buds,
the sacred trees in its villages will be busy
with the nest-building of crows
who live off the household offerings,
the forests of rose-apple on its outskirts
will darken with ripe fruit
and the flamingos will stay for a few days.*

The name of its capital, Vídisha,
is famous everywhere.
Immediately upon reaching there,
you will obtain in full the reward of being a lover:
you shall drink Vétravati's delicious waters.
Your thundering near her banks
will have enriched them,
and in their ripples
her face will seem to frown.

1.25 Nīcair|ākhyaṃ girim adhivases;
tatra viśrāma|hetos
tvat|saṃparkāt pulakitam iva
prauḍha|puṣpaiḥ kadambaiḥ
yaḥ paṇya|strī|rati|parimal'|ôd-
gāribhir nāgarāṇām
uddāmāni prathayati śilā|
veśmabhir yauvanāni.

viśrāntaḥ san vraja vana|nadī|
tīra|jātāni siñcann
udyānānāṃ nava|jala|kaṇair
yūthikā|jālakāni.
gaṇḍa|sved'|âpanayana|rujā|
klānta|karṇ'|ôtpalānāṃ
chāyā|dānāt kṣaṇa|paricitaḥ
puṣpa|lāvī|mukhānām.

vakraḥ panthā yad api bhavataḥ
prasthitasy' ôttar'|āśāṃ,
saudh'|ôtsaṅga|praṇaya|vimukho
mā sma bhūr Ujjayinyāḥ.
vidyud|dāma|sphurita|cakitais
tatra paur'|âṅganānāṃ
lol'|âpāṅgair yadi na ramase
locanair, vañcito 'si!

You should stop to rest there 1.25
on the mountain called Nichais.
When its *kadámba* trees thrust forth their flowers,
it will seem as if the mountain's hair
is thrilling at your touch,
and with its grottoes pouring forth fragrances
used by courtesans for lovemaking,
it proclaims the brazen youth of the citizens.

Once you are rested, move on,
sprinkling the jasmine buds
growing in groves on the forest rivers' banks,
with drops of fresh water.
When they wipe away the sweat from their cheeks,
the ladies collecting flowers
bruise the lotuses on their ears,
making them wilt.
In granting shade to their faces,
you will be momentarily appreciated.

Although out of your way
on your journey to the north,
you must not miss the lovely terraces
of Ujjain's mansions.
If you fail to enjoy the eyes
of the ladies in that city—
flickering and fearful
at your garland of lightning,
their corners aquiver—
you will have cheated yourself!

vīci|kṣobha|stanita|viha|ga|
śreṇi|kāñcī|guṇāyāḥ
saṃsarpantyāḥ skhalita|su|bhagaṃ
darśit'|āvarta|nābheḥ
Nirvindhyāyāḥ pathi bhava *ras'|âbhy-*
antaraḥ sannipatya;
strīṇām ādyaṃ praṇaya|vacanaṃ
vibhramo hi priyeṣu.

veṇī|bhūta|pratanu|salilāṃ
tām atītasya sindhuṃ
pāṇḍu|cchāyāṃ taṭa|ruha|taru|
bhraṃśibhir jīrṇa|parṇaiḥ,
sau|bhāgyaṃ te, su|bhaga, virah'|â-
vasthayā vyañjayantīṃ
kārśyaṃ yena tyajati vidhinā,
sa tvay" âiv' ôpapādyaḥ.

1.30 prāpy' Āvantīn Udayana|kathā|
kovida|grāma|vṛddhān,
pūrv'|ôddiṣṭām upasara purīṃ
śrī|viśālām Viśālām,
sv|alpī|bhūte su|carita|phale
svargiṇāṃ gāṃ gatānāṃ
śeṣaiḥ puṇyair hṛtam iva divaḥ
kānti|mat khaṇḍam ekam.

On the way, when you reach the Nirvíndhya,
her girdle-string a row of birds calling out
at the tossing of her waves as she slips by,
stumbling delightfully,
her navel showing itself in her whirlpools,
take her *water on board : affection to heart*,
for playfulness is a woman's first expression
of fondness for a sweetheart.

When you leave that river behind,
her meager waters will become
like a braid of hair
and her complexion will grow pale
with dead leaves falling
from the trees on her banks.
Lucky you!
She is showing her affection for you
through her lovelorn condition—
only you can do what must be done
to stop her being so thin.

On reaching the land of Avánti, 1.30
its village elders expert tellers of tales of Údayana,
go to the city just mentioned,
magnificent Vishála,*
which is as if inhabitants of paradise,
on returning to earth
with the rewards of their good deeds almost spent,
have used the last of their merits
to seize a single, beautiful fragment of heaven.

dīrghī|kurvan paṭu mada|kalaṃ
kūjitaṃ sārasānāṃ,
pratyūṣeṣu sphuṭita|kamal'|ā-
moda|maitrī|kaṣāyaḥ
yatra strīṇāṃ harati su|rata|
glānim aṅg'|ânukūlaḥ
Śiprā|vātaḥ, priyatama iva
prārthanā|cāṭu|kāraḥ.

jāl'|ôdgīrṇair upacita|vapuḥ
keśa|saṃskāra|dhūmair,
bandhu|prītyā bhavana|śikhibhir
datta|nṛtt'|ôpahāraḥ,
harmyeṣv asyāḥ kusuma|surabhiṣv
adhva|khinn'|ântar'|ātmā
nītvā rātriṃ lalita|vanitā|
pāda|rāg'|âṅkiteṣu,
‹bhartuḥ kaṇṭha|cchavir iti› gaṇaiḥ
s'|ādaraṃ dṛśyamānaḥ
puṇyaṃ yāyās tri|bhuvana|guror
dhāma Caṇḍeśvarasya,
dhūt'|ôdyānaṃ kuvalaya|rajo|
gandhibhir Gandhavatyās
toya|krīḍā|nirata|yuvati|
snāna|tiktair marudbhiḥ.

In the mornings there,
the breeze from the Shipra,
drawing out the shrill, drunken warble of the cranes,
is fragrant from union
with the scent of opened lotuses.
Agreeable on the body,
it takes away the ladies' languor after lovemaking
like a sweet-talking suitor soliciting favors.

Wearied by your journey,
you should spend the night there
atop mansions fragrant with flowers
and marked with red dye
from the feet of lovely ladies.
Your body will be engorged
with the scented smoke for dressing hair
pouring forth from lattice-windows,
and the peacocks on the houses
will, with brotherly affection,
give you their dancing as offerings.
Then, under the *ganas*' respectful gaze—
for you are the color of their master's throat—
you should proceed to the sacred home of Chandéshvara,*
the teacher of the three worlds,
where the gardens are fanned
by breezes from Gándhavati
scented with water-lily pollen
and pungent from the bathing
of the maidens who love to sport in her water.

apy anyasmiñ, jala|dhara, Mahā-
kālam āsādya kāle,
sthātavyaṃ te nayana|viṣayaṃ
yāvad abhyeti bhānuḥ.
kurvan saṃdhyā|bali|paṭahatāṃ
Śūlinaḥ ślāghanīyāṃ,
āmandrāṇāṃ phalam a|vikalaṃ
lapsyase garjitānām.

1.35 pāda|nyāsaiḥ kvaṇita|raśanās,
tatra līl"|âvadhūtai
ratna|cchāyā|khacita|valibhiś
cāmaraiḥ klānta|hastāḥ,
veśyās tvatto nakha|pada|sukhān
prāpya varṣ'|âgra|bindūn
āmokṣyanti tvayi madhu|kara|
śreṇi|dīrghān kaṭ'|âkṣān.

paścād uccair bhuja|taru|vanaṃ
maṇḍalen' âbhilīnaḥ,
sāṃdhyaṃ tejaḥ pratinava|japā|
puṣpa|raktaṃ dadhānaḥ,
nṛtt'|ārambhe hara Paśupater
ārdra|nāg'|âjin'|êcchāṃ,
śānt'|ôdvega|stimita|nayanaṃ
dṛṣṭa|bhaktir Bhavānyā.

Even if, o cloud, you reach Maha·kala
at some other time of day,
you must stay there
until the sun comes into view.
Playing the praiseworthy part of the drum
in Shiva's morning worship,
you shall reap in full
the reward for your rolling thunder.

Belts tinkling as they plant their feet, 1.35
hands weary from daintily waving
fly whisks with handles
encrusted in lustrous gems,
the dancing girls there,
on receiving from you
the first drops of rain
to soothe their scratches,
will throw you side glances
as long as a line of bees.

Next, at the start of Pashu·pati's dance,*
remove his desire for a moist elephant skin
by wrapping yourself around
the tall forest of his tree-like arms
and taking on the dusky red glow
of a fresh china rose.
Her eyes stilled
by the alleviation of her anxiety,
Bhaváni will behold your devotion.

gacchantīnāṃ ramaṇa|vasatiṃ
yoṣitāṃ tatra naktaṃ
ruddh'|āloke nara|pati|pathe
sūci|bhedyais tamobhiḥ,
sau|dāminyā kanaka|nikaṣa|
snigdhayā darśay' ôrvīṃ.
toy'|ôtsarga|stanita|mukharo
mā sma bhūr, viklavās tāḥ!

tāṃ kasyāṃ cid bhavana|valabhau
supta|pārāvatāyāṃ
nītvā rātriṃ cira|*vilasanāt*
khinna|vidyut|kalatraḥ,
dṛṣṭe sūrye punar api bhavān
vāhayed adhva|śeṣaṃ.
mandāyante na khalu su|hṛdām
abhyupet'|ârtha|kṛtyāḥ.

tasmin kāle nayana|salilaṃ
yoṣitāṃ khaṇḍitānāṃ
śāntiṃ neyaṃ praṇayibhir, ato
vartma bhānos tyaj' āśu,
prāley'|âsraṃ kamala|vadanāt
so 'pi hartuṃ nalinyāḥ
pratyāvṛttas, tvayi *kara*|rudhi
syād an|alp'|âbhyasūyaḥ.

At night, when the royal highway there
is obscured in pitch darkness,
show the way to the women
going to their lovers' houses
with lightning lovely
as a golden streak across a touchstone.
But don't be noisy
with your downpours and thunder—
they are nervous!

You should pass the night
on some rooftop where pigeons sleep,
your wife lightning exhausted
from her long *lovemaking : display*,
before continuing with your journey
when the sun appears again.
They do not dawdle
who have promised to help their friends.

At that hour, lovers must appease
their abandoned wives' watery eyes,
so quickly get out of the way of the sun,
for he, too, will be returning
to remove a dewy tear
from the lotus face of the lily,
and if you obstruct his *rays : hands*
he will be not a little annoyed.

1.40 Gambhīrāyāḥ payasi saritaś
cetas' îva prasanne
chāy"|ātm" âpi prakṛti|su|bhago
lapsyate te praveśam,
tasmāt tasyāḥ kumuda|viśadāny
arhasi tvaṃ na dhairyān
moghī|kartuṃ caṭula|śaphar'|ôd-
vartana|prekṣitāni.

tasyāḥ kiṃ|cit|kara|dhṛtam iva
prāpta|vānīra|śākhaṃ
nītvā nīlaṃ salila|vasanaṃ
mukta|rodho|nitambam
prasthānaṃ te katham api, sakhe,
lambamānasya bhāvi;
jñāt'|āsvādo vivṛta|jaghanāṃ
ko vihātuṃ samarthaḥ?

tvan|niṣyand'|ôcchvasita|vasudhā|
gandha|saṃparka|puṇyaḥ
sroto|randhra|dhvanita|su|bhagaṃ
dantibhiḥ pīyamānaḥ
nīcair vāsyaty upajigamiṣor
Deva|pūrvaṃ giriṃ te
śīto vāyuḥ pariṇamayitā
kānan'|ôdumbarāṇām.

You are handsome by nature 1.40
and, if only in the form of your reflection,
shall gain entry into the clear water
of the River Gambhíra
as if it were her happy heart:
you should not be so unfeeling
that you make her lily-white glances—
the leaps of the darting *sháphara* fish—
come to naught.

Her dark-blue robe, the water,
has slipped from her hips, the banks,
and reached the reeds
as if barely held up in her hands.
On removing it, my friend,
you will be weighed down
and struggle to journey on:
who can leave naked thighs
after tasting their delights?

Contact with the smell of earth
swollen by your showers
has made the cool wind delicious.
While elephants drink it in
with sweet sounds from their trunk-tips,
it will gently blow you
the way you want to go—
toward Deva·giri—
and ripen the wild figs.

tatra Skandaṃ niyata|vasatiṃ
pusṗa|meghī|kṛt'|ātmā
pusṗ'|āsāraiḥ snapayatu bhavān
vyoma|Gaṅgā|jal'|ārdraiḥ
rakṣā|hetor nava|śaśi|bhṛtā
vāsavīnāṃ camūnāṃ
aty|ādityaṃ huta|vaha|mukhe
saṃbhrtaṃ tadd hi tejaḥ.

jyotir|lekhā|valayi galitaṃ
yasya barhaṃ Bhavānī
putra|prītyā kuvalaya|pada|
prāpi karṇe karoti
dhaut'|âpāṅgam Hara|śaśi|rucā
pāvakes taṃ mayūraṃ
paścād adri|grahaṇa|gurubhir
garjitair nartayethāḥ.

1.45 ārādhy' âivaṃ śara|vaṇa|bhavaṃ
devam ullaṅghit'|âdhvā
siddha|dvandvair jala|kaṇa|bhayād
vīṇibhir mukta|mārgaḥ,
vyālambethāḥ Surabhi|tanay"|ā-
lambha|jāṃ mānayiṣyan
sroto|mūrtyā bhuvi pariṇatāṃ
Rantidevasya kīrtim.

Skanda* has taken up permanent residence there.
Turn yourself into a cloud of blossoms
and bathe him with showers of flowers
wet with the water of the celestial Ganga,
for he is that very blazing energy,
brighter than the sun,
which Shiva, the bearer of the new moon,
cast in the mouth of Agni
to protect the armies of Indra.

Out of love for her son,
Bhaváni puts next to the lily in her ear
a brightly ringed tail feather
fallen from the fire-born god's peacock,
whom, the corners of its eyes
bathed in light from Shiva's moon,
you should now make dance
with thunder resounding in the mountain.

After worshipping in this way 1.45
the god born in a reed thicket,
journey on a little, your way abandoned
by lute-carrying *siddha* couples scared of raindrops,
before hanging down to pay your respects
to Ranti·deva's glory,
which was born of his sacrifices of Súrabhi's daughters*
and took earthly form as a river.

tvayy ādātuṃ jalam avanate
Śārṅgiṇo varṇa|caure
tasyāḥ sindhoḥ pṛthum api tanuṃ
dūra|bhāvāt pravāham
prekṣiṣyante gagana|gatayo
dūram āvarjya dṛṣṭīr
ekaṃ muktā|guṇam iva bhuvaḥ
sthūla|madhy'|êndra|nīlam.

tām uttīrya vraja paricita|
bhrū|latā|vibhramāṇāṃ
pakṣm'|ôtkṣepād upari vilasat|
kṛṣṇa|śāra|prabhāṇām
kunda|kṣep'|ânuga|madhu|kara|
śrī|muṣām ātma|bimbaṃ
pātrī|kurvan Daśapura|vadhū|
netra|kautūhalānām.

Brahmāvartaṃ jana|padam adhaś
chāyayā gāhamānaḥ
kṣetraṃ kṣatra|pradhana|piśunaṃ
kauravaṃ tad bhajethāḥ
rājanyānām śita|śara|śatair
yatra Gāṇḍ̣īva|dhanvā
dhārā|pātais tvam iva kamalāny
abhyasiñcan mukhāni.

When you, the thief of Krishna's complexion,
bend down to take the water of that river,
the sky-rangers will turn their gazes
all the way to her stream,
which, though broad, will look slender from afar,
like a single string of pearls worn by the earth,
a huge sapphire in its middle.

Cross that river and continue,
making Dasha·pura's ladies
gaze curiously upon your image
with eyes expert at the flirtatious gestures
of creeper-like brows,
revealing their iridescence
with an upward flick of the lashes
and stealing the splendor of the honeybees
following the fluttering jasmine flowers.

Plunging down with your shadow
into the country of Brahma·varta,
you should go to the field of the Kurus,
redolent of the warriors' battle,
where the wielder of Gandíva
rained hundreds of sharp arrows
on the heads of the princes
just as you rain downpours on lotuses.*

hitvā hālām abhimata|rasāṃ
Revatī|locan'|âṅkāṃ
bandhu|prītyā samara|vimukho
lāṅgalī yāḥ siṣeve,
kṛtvā tāsām adhigamam apāṃ,
somya, Sārasvatīnāṃ
antas|svacchas tvam api bhavitā
varṇa|mātreṇa kṛṣṇaḥ.

tasmād gaccher anu|Kanakhalam
śaila|rāj'|âvatīrṇāṃ
Jahnoḥ kanyāṃ Sagara|tanaya|
svarga|sopāna|paṅktim
Gaurī|vaktra|bhru|kuṭi|racanāṃ
yā vihasy' êva phenaiḥ
Śaṃbhoḥ keśa|grahaṇam akarod
indu|lagn'|ōrmi|hastā.

tasyāḥ pātuṃ sura|gaja iva
vyomni pūrv'|ârdha|lambī
tvaṃ ced accha|sphaṭika|viśadaṃ
tarkayes tiryag ambhaḥ,
saṃsarpantyā sapadi bhavataḥ
srotasi chāyayā sā
syād a|sthān'|ôpanata|Yamunā|
saṅgam" êv' âbhirāmā.

When you take on Sarásvati's waters,
which were drunk by the plow-bearer*
after brotherly love had made him
turn his back on battle
and he had given up the wine
marked with the reflection of Révati's eyes
that he so cherished,
you, too, kind sir, will become pure within,
dark only in color.

From there you should go to Kana·khala 1.50
and visit Jahnu's daughter,*
she who came down from Himálaya
as a stairway to heaven for the sons of Ságara.
When she grabbed Shambhu's hair,
her waves like hands as they clung to the moon,
with her foam she seemed to laugh
at the frown that appeared on Gauri's face.

If you should think to drink
her crystal-clear water
and twist down like a celestial elephant,
its forequarters hanging from the sky,
then, with your reflection
suddenly gliding along her stream
and her confluence with Yámuna*
seeming to happen out of place,
she would be beautiful.

āsīnānāṃ surabhita|śilaṃ
nābhi|gandhair mṛgāṇāṃ
tasyā eva prabhavam a|calaṃ
prāpya gauraṃ tuṣāraiḥ,
vakṣyasy adhva|śrama|vinayane
tasya śṛṅge niṣaṇṇaḥ
śobhāṃ ramyāṃ tri|nayana|vṛṣ'|ôt-
khāta|paṅk'|ôpameyām.

taṃ ced vāyau sarati sarala|
skandha|saṅghaṭṭa|janmā
bādheṭ' ôlkā|kṣapita|camarī|
bāla|bhāro dav'|âgniḥ,
arhasy enam śamayitum alaṃ
vāri|dhārā|sahasrair:
āpann'|ārti|praśamana|phalāḥ
saṃpado hy uttamānām.

ye tvāṃ mukta|dhvanim a|sahanāḥ
kāya|bhaṅgāya tasmin
darp'|ôtsekād upari śarabhā
laṅghayiṣyanty a|laṅghyam,
tān kurvīthās tumula|karakā|
vṛṣṭi|hās'|âvakīrṇān;
ke vā na syuḥ paribhava|padaṃ
niṣphal'|ārambha|yatnāḥ?

When you reach the source of that same river—
a mountain white with snow,
its rocks fragrant from the musk
of the deer that sit on them—
and rest on its peak
to shake off the fatigue of the journey,
you shall look lovely,
like the mud dug up
by the bull of the three-eyed god.*

If the wind blows and wildfire
born of the rubbing of *sárala* branches
should consume with its sparks
the yaks' bushy tails
and plague the mountain,
you must extinguish it completely
with myriad downpours:
it is by soothing the pain of the vexed
that the riches of the most high bear fruit.

*Shárabha*s* unable to bear your thundering
will arrogantly leap up at you there,
only to injure themselves—
you are unassailable.
Hail down your raucous laughter
and scatter them,
for is not everyone
who strives at vain ventures
an object of scorn?

1.55 tatra vyaktaṃ dṛṣadi caraṇa|
nyāsam ardh'|êndu|mauleḥ,
śaśvat siddhair upahṛta|baliṃ
bhakti|namraḥ parīyāḥ,
yasmin dṛṣṭe karaṇa|vigamād
ūrdhvam uddhūta|pāpāḥ
kalpante 'sya sthira|gaṇa|pada|
prāptaye śraddadhānāḥ.

śabdāyante madhuram anilaiḥ
kīcakāḥ pūryamāṇāḥ,
saṃraktābhis tri|pura|vijayo
gīyate kiṃ|narībhiḥ.
nirhrādī te muraja iva cet
kandarāsu dhvaniḥ syāt
saṅgīt'|ârtho nanu Paśupates
tatra bhāvī samastaḥ!

prāley'|ādrer upataṭam ati-
kramya tān tān viśeṣān,
haṃsa|dvāraṃ Bhṛgu|pati|yaśo|
vartma yat Krauñca|randhram,
ten' ôdīcīṃ diśam abhisares
tiryag|āyāma|śobhī
śyāmaḥ pādo Bali|niyaman'|â-
bhyudyatasy' êva Viṣṇoḥ.

On a rock there 1.55
is a clear imprint of the footprints
of he whose crown is the half-moon,
to which *siddha*s are constantly making offerings
and which you should circumambulate,
bowing with devotion.
When the faithful see it,
they are absolved of their sins after they die
and are destined for a permanent place in Shiva's troop.

Filling with wind,
bamboo canes sound sweetly
and beautiful celestial maidens
hymn the victory over the three cities.
If you were to echo
like a booming drum
in the caves there,
Shiva's orchestra would surely be complete!

Passing beyond the various wonders
around the flanks of the Himálaya,
you should head north,
through the flamingos' gateway—
the cleft of Kráuncha,
which was Párashu·rama's* path to glory—
splendidly stretching askance
like the dark foot,
ready to push down Bali,
of Vishnu.*

gatvā c' ōrdhvaṃ daśa|mukha|bhuj'|ô-
cchvāsita|prastha|saṃdheḥ
Kailāsasya tri|daśa|vanitā|
darpaṇasy' â|tithiḥ syāḥ,
śṛṅg'|ôcchrāyaiḥ kumuda|viśadair
yo vitatya sthitaḥ khaṃ
rāśī|bhūtaḥ pratiniśam iva
Try|ambakasy' âṭṭa|hāsaḥ.

utpaśyāmi tvayi taṭa|gate
snigdha|bhinn'|âñjan'|ābhe
sadyaḥ|kṛtta|dvirada|daśana|
ccheda|gaurasya tasya
līlām adreḥ stimita|nayana|
prekṣaṇīyāṃ bhavitrīm,
aṃsa|nyaste sati Hala|bhṛto
mecake vāsas' îva.

1.60 hitvā nīlaṃ bhuja|ga|valayaṃ
Śaṃbhunā datta|hastā
krīḍā|śaile yadi ca viharet
pāda|cāreṇa Gaurī,
bhaṅgī|bhaktyā viracita|vapuḥ
stambhit'|ântar|jalo 'syāḥ
sopānatvaṃ kuru sukha|pada|
sparśam ārohaṇeṣu!

You should journey on
and be the guest of Mount Kailása,
the mirror of the wives of the gods.
Its passes were torn asunder
by the arms of Rávana,
and, stretching across the sky
with its lily-white lofty peaks,
it looks like the wild laughter
of the three-eyed god
piled up night after night.*

You have the hue of gleaming powdered antimony,
and when you reach the skirts of that mountain
as white as a freshly cut piece of ivory,
it will surely become stunningly lovely,
like the plow-bearer wearing
his black robe across his shoulders.*

And if Shiva were to cast off 1.60
his dark snake-bracelets
and hold Gauri's hand
while she wanders on foot
about that mountain of fun,
you should arrange your body
into a series of waves
and steady the water within,
becoming a stairway soft on the feet
for her to climb.

tatr' âvaśyaṃ janita|salil'|ôd-
gāram antaḥ|praveśān
neṣyanti tvāṃ sura|yuvatayo
yantra|dhārā|gṛhatvam.
tābhyo mokṣas tava yadi, sakhe,
gharma|labdhasya na syāt,
krīḍā|lolāḥ śravaṇa|paruṣair
garjitair bhāyayes tāḥ.

hem'|âmbho|ja|prasavi salilam
Mānasasy' ādadānaḥ,
kurvan kāmāt kṣaṇa|mukha|paṭa|
prītim Airāvaṇasya,
dhunvan vātaiḥ sa|jala|pṛṣataiḥ
kalpa|vṛkṣ'|âṃśukāni,
cchāyā|bhinnaḥ sphaṭika|viśadaṃ
nirviśes parvataṃ tam.

tasy' ôtsaṅge praṇayina iva
srasta|Gaṅgā|dugūlāṃ
na tvaṃ dṛṣṭvā na punar Alakāṃ
jñāsyase, kāma|cārin,
yā vaḥ kāle vahati salil'|ôd-
gāram uccair|vimānā
muktā|jāla|grathitam alakaṃ
kāmin" îv' âbhra|vṛndam.

Were you to go in there
and start to pour forth water,
the divine damsels are sure
to make you their shower-bath.
You will arrive there in the hot season,
and if, my friend, you cannot escape them,
you should terrify those fun-loving girls
with your raucous thunder.

Taking on the water of Lake Mánasa,
which bears forth golden lotuses,
gladly giving Airávana
the fleeting pleasure of a cover for his face,
fanning with misty breezes
the gossamer on the wish-fulfilling trees,
you should enjoy that mountain bright as crystal
in different guises.

When, o wanderer at will,
you see her in the lap of the mountain
as if in that of a lover,
her shawl the Ganga slipping off,
you will not fail to recognize Álaka:
at the time of your coming,
she wears in her soaring palaces
a mass of clouds raining water,
just as a lady in love wears her hair
entwined with strings of pearls.

VIDYUTVANTAṂ lalita|vanitāḥ,
s'|êndra|cāpaṃ, sa|citrāḥ
saṅgītāya prahata|murajāḥ,
snigdha|gambhīra|ghoṣam,
antar|toyaṃ maṇi|maya|bhuvas,
tuṅgam abhraṃ|lih'|âgrāḥ
prāsādās tvāṃ tulayitum alaṃ
yatra tais tair viśeṣaiḥ.

2.65 haste līlā|kamalam alakaṃ
bāla|kund'|ânuviddhaṃ,
nītā rodhra|prasava|rajasā
pāṇḍutām ānana|śrīḥ,
cūḍā|pāśe nava|kurabakaṃ
cāru karṇe śirīṣaṃ,
sīmante ca tvad|upagama|jaṃ
yatra nīpaṃ vadhūnām.

Where, with their various wonders,
the mansions are your equal:
you have your lightning,
  they their lovely ladies;
you have your rainbows,
  they their colorful pictures;
  drums are beaten in them to make music,
you have your gentle rumble;
you have water inside,
  they have floors made of jewels;
you are lofty,
  their turrets kiss the clouds.

Where the ladies have in their hands 2.65
lotuses to play with,
young jasmine flowers
woven into their hair,
radiant complexions
blanched by the pollen of *rodhra* flowers,
fresh *kurábaka* blossoms
in their topknots,
pretty *shirísha* blooms
in their ears,
and, in their hair-partings,
kadámba flowers born of your arrival.*

yasyāṃ yakṣāḥ sita|maṇi|mayāny
etya harmya|sthalāni
jyotiś|chāyā|kusuma|racanāny
uttama|strī|sahāyāḥ
āsevante madhu rati|phalaṃ
kalpa|vṛkṣa|prasūtaṃ
tvad|gambhīra|dhvaniṣu śanakaiḥ
puṣkareṣv āhateṣu.

yatra strīṇāṃ priyatama|bhuj'|ā-
liṅgan'|ôcchvāsitānāṃ
aṅga|glāniṃ surata|janitāṃ
tantu|jāl'|âvalambāḥ
tvat|saṃrodh'|âpagama|viśadaiś
c' ôtitāś candra|pādair
vyālumpanti sphuṭa|jala|lava|
syandinaś candra|kāntāḥ.

netrā nītāḥ satata|gatinā
yad|vimān'|âgra|bhūmīr
ālekhyānāṃ salila|kaṇikā|
doṣam utpādya sadyaḥ,
śaṅkā|spṛṣṭā iva jala|mucas
tvādṛśā yatra jālair
dhūm'|ôdgār'|ânukṛti|nipuṇā
jarjarā niṣpatanti.

Where *yaksha*s accompanied by the finest ladies
frequent palace terraces fashioned from crystal,
their flower-decorations the reflections of stars,
and drink aphrodisiac wine
sprung from the wish-fulfilling tree
to the gentle beating of drums
whose rumbling is as deep as yours.

Where the removal of your veil
brightens the moonbeams,
making the moonstones
hanging from webs of thread
ooze water globules
to relieve the languor
born of lovemaking
of ladies suffering
from their lovers' clutches.

Where, driven by the ever-moving wind
to the top floors of the palaces,
clouds like you damage pictures
with their raindrops,
and, seemingly seized with fear,
skillfully imitate streams of smoke
by falling apart and fleeing
through the lattice-windows.

nīvī|bandh'|ôcchvasana|śithilaṃ
yatra yakṣ'|âṅganānāṃ
vāsaḥ kāmād a|nibhṛta|kareṣv
ākṣipatsu priyeṣu
arcis|tuṅgān abhimukham api
prāpya ratna|pradīpān
hrī|mūḍhānāṃ bhavati viphala|
preraṇaś cūrṇa|muṣṭiḥ.

2.70 gaty|utkampād alaka|patitair
yatra mandāra|puṣpaiḥ,
kḷpta|cchedyaiḥ kanaka|kamalaiḥ
karṇa|vibhraṃśibhiś ca,
muktā|lagna|stana|parimalaiś
chinna|sūtraiś ca hārair
naiśo mārgaḥ savitur udaye
sūcyate kāminīnām.

matvā devaṃ dhana|pati|sakhaṃ
yatra sākṣād vasantaṃ
prāyaś cāpaṃ na vahati bhayān
Manmathaḥ ṣaṭ|pada|jyam.
sa|bhrū|bhaṅga|prahita|nayanaiḥ
kāmi|lakṣyeṣv a|moghais
tasy' ārambhaś catura|vanitā|
vibhramair eva siddhaḥ.

Where impassioned, nimble-fingered beaux
pull off the silk robes, already loosened
by the untying of their knotted cords,
of *yaksha* girls, who,
befuddled by embarrassment,
vainly fling fistfuls of powder
at tall-flamed lamps lit by jewels.

Where the shaking of their gait 2.70
leaves the nightly tracks of amorous ladies
marked at sunrise
by *mandára* flowers
fallen from their hair,
by decoratively trimmed golden lotuses
slipped from their ears
and by snapped necklaces,
the pearls on whose threads
are infused with scent from their breasts.

Where, knowing that Shiva
lives there in person,
the fearful god of love
tends not to carry
his bee-stringed bow.
The coquettish gestures
of artful ladies
do his job,
their unerring glances
sent forth by arched brows
to their targets, the beaux.

tatr' āgāraṃ dhana|pati|gṛhān
uttareṇ' âsmadīyaṃ
dūrād lakṣyaṃ tad amara|dhanuś|
cāruṇā toraṇena,
yasy' ôpānte kṛtaka|tanayaḥ
kāntayā vardhito me
hasta|prāpya|stabaka|namito
bāla|mandāra|vṛkṣaḥ.

vāpī c' âsmin marakata|śilā|
baddha|sopāna|mārgā
haimaiḥ syūtā kamala|mukulaiḥ
snigdha|vaiḍūrya|nālaiḥ,
yasyās toye kṛta|vasatayo
Mānasaṃ saṃnikṛṣṭaṃ
na dhyāsyanti vyapagata|śucas
tvām api prekṣya haṃsāḥ.

,yasyās tīre nicita|śikharaḥ
peśalair indra|nīlaiḥ
krīḍā|śailaḥ kanaka|kadalī|
veṣṭana|prekṣaṇīyaḥ.
‹mad|gehinyāḥ priya iti,› sakhe,
cetasā kātareṇa
prekṣy' ôpānta|sphurita|taḍitaṃ
tvāṃ, tam eva smarāmi.

Our home there, to the north
of the house of the lord of wealth,
is recognizable from afar
by its arched gate,
as beautiful as a rainbow,
near to which,
nurtured by my beloved like a son,
is a young *mandára* tree,
bent over with clusters of blossoms
in reach of one's hand.

The tank there has emerald-paved steps
and is crisscrossed
by blooming golden lotuses,
their stalks of gleaming beryl.
The flamingos that have taken up residence in its water
have lost their longing:
even on seeing you
they have no thoughts for nearby Lake Mánasa.

To the side of the tank,
its top covered in exquisite sapphires,
is a rockery, beautiful with its girdle of golden plantains.
My wife is fond of it,
so, friend, when I look at you,
lightning flashes sparkling at your edges,
it is with troubled mind
that I think of it and nothing else.

2.75 rakt'|âśokaś cala|kisalayaḥ
kesaraś c' âtra kāntaḥ
pratyāsannau kurabaka|vṛter
mādhavī|maṇḍapasya.
ekaḥ sakhyās tava saha mayā
vāma|pād'|âbhilāṣī,
kāṅkṣaty anyo vadana|madirāṃ
dohada|cchadman" âsyāḥ.

tan|madhye ca sphaṭika|phalakā
kāñcanī vāsa|yaṣṭir,
mūle naddhā maṇibhir an|ati|
prauḍha|vaṃśa|prakāśaiḥ.
tālaiḥ śiñjad|valaya|su|bhagair
nartitaḥ kāntayā me
yām adhyāste divasa|vigame
nīla|kaṇṭhaḥ su|hṛd vaḥ.

ebhiḥ, sādho, hṛdaya|nihitair
lakṣaṇair lakṣaṇīyaṃ,
dvār'|ôpānte likhita|vapuṣau
śaṅkha|padmau ca dṛṣṭvā,
kṣāma|cchāyaṃ bhavanam adhunā
mad|viyogena nūnaṃ:
sūry'|âpāye na khalu kamalaṃ
puṣyati svām abhikhyām?

On it, near a *mádhavi* bower 2.75
ringed by *kúrabaka* bushes,
are a red *ashóka* tree with waving fronds
and a lovely *bákula*.*
In company with me,
the former longs for the touch
of your lady friend's left foot
and the latter, feigning a craving,
wants the wine of her mouth.

And between them is a golden perch
with a platform of crystal,
inlaid at its base with gems
that shine like young bamboo.
Your blue-throated friend, the peacock,
roosts on it at day's end
and my sweetheart makes him dance
with claps made lovely by her tinkling bracelets.

By means, o clever one,
of these signs stored in your heart,
and on seeing the beautiful forms
of the conch and the lotus
inscribed around the door,
the house is to be recognized,
its luster now surely dimmed by my absence—
at the setting of the sun,
does not the lotus lose its beauty?

gatvā sadyaḥ kalabha|tanutāṃ
śīghra|saṃpāta|hetoḥ
krīḍā|śaile prathama|kathite
ramya|sānau niṣaṇṇaḥ,
arhasy antar|bhavana|patitāṃ
kartum alp'|âlpa|bhāsaṃ
kha|dyot'|âlī|vilasita|nibhāṃ
vidyud|unmeṣa|dṛṣṭim.

tanvī, śyāmā, śikhara|daśanā,
pakva|bimb'|âdhar'|âuṣṭhī,
madhye kṣāmā, cakita|hariṇa|
prekṣaṇā, nimna|nābhiḥ,
śroṇī|bhārād alasa|gamanā,
stoka|namrā stanābhyāṃ
yā tatra syād yuvati|viṣaye
sṛṣṭiḥ ādy" êva dhātuḥ,
tāṃ jānīyāḥ parimita|kathāṃ
jīvitaṃ me dvitīyaṃ,
dūrī|bhūte mayi saha|care
cakra|vākīm iv' âikām,
gāḍh'|ôtkaṇṭhā|guruṣu divaseṣv
eṣu gacchatsu bālāṃ
jātāṃ, manye, śiśira|mathitāṃ
padminīṃ v" ânya|rūpām.

Quickly make yourself
as slender as a young elephant
so that you can descend quickly
and alight on the rockery
with the lovely peak just described
before casting down into the house
a glance of flickering lightning
glowing so faintly that it resembles
a twinkling line of fireflies.

Slim, 2.79-80
youthful,
with fine teeth,
a lower lip like a ripe *bimba* fruit,
a slender waist,
eyes like a startled deer
and a deep-set navel,
moving lazily under the weight of her hips,
and a little stooped because of her breasts—
she may be there,
as pristine as the almighty's first creation of womankind.
You might recognize her thus. 2.80
But, with me, her companion, far away,
the sweet-voiced girl, as dear to me as life,
will be like a lonely *chakra·vaka* hen,*
and with the passing of the days,
their intense longing weighing her down,
I think she will have changed,
like a lotus laid waste by frost.

nūnaṃ tasyāḥ prabala|rudit'|ôc-
chūna|netraṃ, bahūnāṃ
niḥ|śvāsānām a|śiśiratayā
bhinna|varṇ'|âdhar'|âuṣṭham,
hasta|nyastaṃ mukham, a|sakala|
vyakti lamb'|âlakatvād
indor dainyaṃ tvad|upasaraṇa|
kliṣṭa|kānter bibharti.

āloke te nipatati purā
sā bali|vyākulā vā,
mat|sādṛśyaṃ viraha|tanu vā
bhāva|gamyaṃ likhantī,
pṛcchantī vā madhura|vacanām
śārikāṃ pañjara|sthāṃ:
‹kac cit bhartuḥ smarasi, nibhṛte,
tvaṃ hi tasya priy" êti;›

utsaṅge vā malina|vasane,
somya, nikṣipya vīṇāṃ
mad|gotr'|âṅkaṃ viracita|padaṃ
geyam udgātu|kāmā,
tantrīr ārdrā nayana|salilaiḥ
sārayitvā kathaṃ cid
bhūyo bhūyaḥ svayam api kṛtāṃ
mūrchanāṃ vismarantī;

Doubtless her face,
eyes swollen from intense crying,
lower lip discolored by the heat of many sighs,
will be resting in her hand,
only partly visible behind her hanging tresses
and as pale as the moon
when your approach obscures its brilliance.

She will soon come into your view,
absorbed in worship,
or drawing an imaginary likeness of me
wasted by separation,
or asking the sweet-voiced mynah in its cage,
'Gentle lady, perhaps you remember your master,
for you are dear to him.'

Or, kind sir, she will have put a lute
on her rag-clad lap,
and, wanting to sing a song
made of words that spell my name,
she will somehow have managed
to tune strings wet with tears,
but will keep forgetting the melody,
though she composed it herself.

śeṣān māsān gamana|divasa|
prastutasy' âvadher vā
vinyasyantī bhuvi gaṇanayā
dehalī|datta|puṣpaiḥ,
saṃyogaṃ vā hṛdaya|nihit'|ā-
rambham āsvādayantī:
prāyeṇ' âite ramaṇa|viraheṣv
aṅganānāṃ vinodāḥ.

2.85 ādye baddhā viraha|divase
yā śikhā dāma hitvā
śāpasy' ânte vigalita|śucā
yā may" onmocanīyā
sparśa|kliṣṭām a|yamita|nakhen'
â|sakṛt sārayantīṃ
gaṇḍ'|ābhogāt kaṭhina|viṣamād
eka|veṇīṃ kareṇa;
sa|vyāpārām ahani na tathā
khedayen mad|viyogaḥ,
śaṅke rātrau gurutara|śucaṃ
nirvinodāṃ sakhīṃ te
mat|saṃdeśaiḥ sukhayitum. ataḥ
paśya sādhvīṃ niśīthe
tām unnidrām avani|śayan" ā-
sanna|vātāyana|sthaḥ;

Or she will be marking out
the months that remain
of the sentence that started the day I left
by counting them with flowers
placed on the threshold.
Or she will be enjoying union—
the action taking place in her mind.
These are the usual diversions of women
in separation from their lovers.

Over and over again 2.85
your friend will be using
her hand, its nails untrimmed,
to brush aside from the curve
of her hard, rough cheek
the single braid of hair, painful to the touch,
which I bound—without a garland—
on the first day of our separation
and which, at the end of the curse,
my grief melted away, I am to untie.
During the day, when she is busy,
my absence will not trouble her too much.
At night, when she has no diversions,
I fear her grief will weigh more heavily upon her.
So meet the worthy girl at midnight,
when she is lying on the ground, awake,
and, standing at the window of the house,
console her with my message.

ādhi|kṣāmāṃ viraha|śayane
saṃnikīrṇ'|âika|pārśvāṃ,
prācī|mūle tanum iva kalā|
mātra|śeṣāṃ him'|âṃśoḥ,
mat|saṃyogaḥ katham upanayet
svapna|jo 'p' îti nidrām
ākāṅkṣantīṃ nayana|salil'|ôt-
pīḍa|ruddh'|âvakāśām;

nis|śvāsen' âdhara|kisalaya|
kleśinā vikṣipantīṃ
śuddha|snānāt paruṣam alakaṃ
nūnam ā|gaṇḍa|lambam;
nītā rātriḥ kṣaṇa iva mayā
s'|ârdham icchā|ratair yā,
tām ev' ôṣṇair viraha|śayaneṣv
asrubhir yāpayantīm;

Wasted by anguish,
lying on one side
in her bed of separation,
she will look like the last slender sliver
of the moon on the eastern horizon.
Wondering how she might join me,
if only in a dream,
she will be longing for sleep,
the sting of her tears
stopping its arrival.

With a sigh scorching her bud-like lower lip,
she is sure to be scattering a tress
rough from being washed in water alone
and hanging down to her cheek.
On her bed of separation
she will be using hot tears
to get through the same night
that in my company
the pleasures of desire
would have made go by in an instant.

pādān indor amṛta|śiśirāñ
jāla|mārga|praviṣṭān
pūrva|prītyā gatam abhimukhaṃ
saṃnivṛttaṃ tath" âiva,
cakṣuḥ khedāt sa|jala|gurubhiḥ
pakṣmabhiś chādayantīṃ
s'|âbhre 'hn' îva sthala|kamalinīṃ:
na prabuddhāṃ, na suptām.

2.90 jāne sakhyās tava mayi manaḥ
saṃbhrta|sneham asmād
itthaṃ|bhūtāṃ prathama|virahe
tām ahaṃ tarkayāmi.
vācālaṃ māṃ na khalu su|bhagaṃ|
manya|bhāvaḥ karoti:
pratyakṣaṃ te nikhilam a|cirād,
bhrātar, uktaṃ mayā yat.

The rays of the moon,
cool with the nectar of immortality,
have entered through the windows,
but no sooner does she,
with the fondness of old,
turn her eyes toward them
than she draws them back,
covering them with lashes
weighed down by tears of sorrow,
so that they look like a land-lotus
on a cloudy day:
neither open nor closed.

I know that your friend's heart 2.90
is filled with love for me,
which is how I can guess
that she will be thus
during our first separation.
It's not just the pride
of one lucky in love
making me boastful:
before long, brother,
you will see for yourself
all that I have described.

sā, saṃnyast'|ābharaṇam a|balā
pelavaṃ dhārayantī
śayy"|ôtsaṅge nihitam a|sakṛd
duḥkha|duḥkhena gātram,
tvām apy asraṃ nava|jala|mayaṃ
mocayiṣyaty avaśyaṃ:
prāyaḥ sarvo bhavati karuṇā|
vṛttir ārdr'|ântar|ātmā.

ruddh'|âpāṅga|prasaram alakair,
añjana|sneha|śūnyaṃ,
pratyādeśād api ca madhuno
vismṛta|bhrū|vilāsam,
tvayy āsanne nayanam upari|
spandi, śaṅke, mṛg'|âkṣyā
mīna|kṣobh'|ākula|kuvalaya|
śrī|tulām eṣyat' îti.

vāmo v" âsyāḥ kara|ruha|padair
mucyamāno madīyair
muktā|jālaṃ cira|paricitaṃ
tyājito daiva|gatyā,
saṃbhog'|ânte mama samucito
hasta|saṃvāhanānāṃ
yāsyaty ūruḥ sarasa|kadalī|
stambha|gauraś calatvam.

As she struggles to support
her delicate body,
which, shorn of adornment,
she has cast again and again
into the bosom of her bed,
the poor girl is sure to make you
shed tears of fresh water:
all those with tender hearts
tend to act with pity.

I expect that the eye of the doe-eyed girl—
its side-glances blocked by her locks,
its sheen of mascara missing,
the flirtatious furrowings of its brow
forgotten in her abstinence from wine—
will flicker upward when you draw near,
becoming as beautiful as a blue lily
fluttering in the wake of a fish.

Or perhaps, missing the scratches from my nails,
forced by the course of fate to cast off
its long-accustomed garland of pearls,
used to being massaged
by my hands after lovemaking,
pale like the trunk of a juicy banana tree,
her left thigh will be trembling.

tasmin kāle, jala|da, dayitā
labdha|nidrā yadi syād,
anvāsy' âināṃ stanita|vimukho
yāma|mātraṃ sahasva:
mā bhūd asyāḥ praṇayini mayi
svapna|labdhe kathaṃ cit
sadyaḥ|kaṇṭha|cyuta|bhuja|latā|
granthi gāḍh'|ôpagūḍham.

2.95 tām utthāpya sva|jala|kaṇikā|
śītalen' ânilena,
pratyāśvastāṃ samam abhinavair
jālakair mālatīnām,
vidyud|garbhe nihita|nayanāṃ
tvat|sa|nāthe gav'|âkṣe
vaktuṃ dhīra|stanita|vacanair
māninīṃ prakramethāḥ:

‹bhartur mitraṃ priyam, a|vidhave,
viddhi mām ambu|vāhaṃ
tat|saṃdeśān manasi nihitād
āgataṃ tvat|samīpam,
yo vṛndāni tvarayati pathi
śrāmyatāṃ proṣitānāṃ
mandra|snigdhair dhvanibhir a|balā|
veṇi|mokṣ'|ôtsukāni.›

If, o cloud, the dear girl is asleep then,
sit near her and, for just one watch,
wait without thundering,
so that in her tight embrace
with her lover, me,
somehow found in a dream,
her entwined creeper-like arms
do not suddenly slip from my neck.

Wake her with a breeze 2.95
cooled by your water's spray,
and, when she and the fresh jasmine buds
have been refreshed
and she has fixed her gaze
on the lightning-filled window
occupied by you,
start to address the proud lady
in words gravely thundered:

'A dear friend of your husband—
no, you are not a widow!—
I am a cloud come to you
bearing his messages in my heart.
With deep, dulcet rumblings
I make many weary travelers
eager to untie their sweethearts' braids
hurry along the road.'

ity ākhyāte pavana|tanayaṃ
Maithil” îv’ ônmukhī sā
tvām utkaṇṭh’|ôcchvasita|hṛdayā
vīkṣya saṃbhāvya c’ âiva
śroṣyaty asmāt param avahitā;
somya, sīmantinīnāṃ
kānt’|ôdantaḥ su|hṛd|upanataḥ
saṅgamāt kiṃ|cid|ūnaḥ.

tām, āyuṣmān, mama ca vacanād,
ātmanā c’ ôpakartuṃ
brūyād evaṃ: ‹tava saha|caraḥ
Rāmagiry|āśrama|sthaḥ
a|vyāpannaḥ kuśalam, a|bale,
pṛcchati tvāṃ viyuktaḥ:
pūrv’|āśāsyaṃ su|labha|vipadāṃ
prāṇināṃ etad eva.

After you say this,
with her head raised
and her heart swollen by longing,
she will look at you
and welcome you
as Sita did the son of the wind.*
Then, kind sir,
she will listen attentively,
because for a woman
news of her lover
delivered by a friend
is almost the same
as being with him.

At my bidding, good sir,
and to bring merit upon yourself,
please say the following:
'Your companion is at a hermitage on Rama's hill.
He is safe, dear lady,
and, being separated from you,
asks after your well-being—
the first thing to be wished for
of those prone to misfortune.

aṅgen' âṅgaṃ: pratanu tanunā,
gāḍha|taptena taptaṃ,
s'|âsreṇ' âsra|dravam, a|virat'|ôt-
kaṇṭham utkaṇṭhitena,
uṣṇ'|ôcchvāsaṃ samadhikatar'|ôc-
chvāsinā dūra|vartī
saṃkalpais te viśati vidhinā
vairiṇā ruddha|mārgaḥ.

śabd'|ākhyeyaṃ yad api kila te
yaḥ sakhīnāṃ purastāt
karṇe lolaḥ kathayitum abhūd
ānana|sparśa|lobhāt.
so 'tikrāntaḥ śravaṇa|viṣayaṃ,
locanānām a|gamyas,
tvām utkaṇṭhā|viracita|padaṃ
man|mukhen' êdam āha:

«śyāmāsv aṅgaṃ, cakita|hariṇa|
prekṣite dṛṣṭi|pātaṃ,
gaṇḍa|cchāyāṃ śaśini, śikhināṃ
barha|bhāreṣu keśān
utpaśyāmi pratanuṣu nadī|
vīciṣu bhrū|vilāsān:
hant', âika|sthaṃ kva cid api na te,
caṇḍi, sā|dṛśyam asti.

At far remove,
his way blocked by unfriendly fate,
he fancifully joins your body to his:
yours skinny, his slender;
yours tormented, his tortured;
yours tear-drenched, his tearful;
yours yearning endlessly, his yearnful;
yours hot with sighs, his sighing still more.

Hungry for the touch of your face, 2.100
he would love to whisper in your ear
things that, in fact,
could be said aloud
in front of your friends.
Now that he is beyond the range of your ears
and invisible to your eyes,
he tells you the following
through my mouth,
in words inspired by longing:

"I divine your limbs in *priyángu* creepers,
your glance in the look of a startled deer,
the beauty of your cheek in the moon,
your hair in the bunched tail feathers of peacocks,
your flirtatious eyebrows in the slender ripples of a river...
Oh alas, my darling!
Your likeness is nowhere to be found
all in one place.

tvām ālikhya praṇaya|kupitāṃ
dhātu|rāgaiḥ śilāyām,
ātmānaṃ te caraṇa|patitaṃ
yāvad icchāmi kartum,
asrais tāvan muhur upacitair
dṛṣṭir ālipyate me:
krūras tasminn api na sahate
saṅgamaṃ nau kṛt'|ântaḥ.

mām ākāśa|praṇihita|bhujaṃ
nirday"|āśleṣa|hetor
labdhāyās te katham api sati
svapna|saṃdarśaneṣu,
paśyantīnāṃ na khalu bahuśo
na sthalī|devatānāṃ
muktā|sthūlās taru|kisalayeṣv
asru|leśāḥ patanti.

bhittvā sadyaḥ kisalaya|puṭān
deva|dāru|drumāṇāṃ
ye tat|kṣīra|sruti|surabhayo
dakṣiṇena pravṛttāḥ
āliṅgyante, guṇavati, mayā
te tuṣār'|âdri|vātāḥ -
pūrvaṃ spṛṣṭaṃ yadi kila bhaved
aṅgam ebhis tav' êti.

When I paint you,
feigning anger,
in red dye on a rock,
as soon as I try to draw myself
falling at your feet,
tears keep welling up
and blur my sight.
Cruel fate cannot bear our union even there.

When I manage to find you
in the visions of my dreams
and stretch out my arms into space
in the hope of a tight embrace,
it is from none other than the watching earth-spirits
that teardrops as big as pearls
rain down on the trees' sprouting leaves.

Cool Himalayan breezes head south,
fragrant with the oozing sap of deodar trees
whose folded young leaves
they have just now burst open.
I embrace them, good lady—
they might have touched your body.

2.105 ‹saṃkṣipyeran kṣaṇa iva kathaṃ
dīrgha|yāmās tri|yāmāḥ?
sarv'|âvasthāsv ahar api kathaṃ
manda|mand'|ātapaṃ syāt?›
itthaṃ cetaś, caṭula|nayane,
dur|labha|prārthanaṃ me
gāḍh'|ôṣmābhiḥ kṛtam a|śaraṇaṃ
tvad|viyoga|vyathābhiḥ.

nanv ātmānaṃ bahu vigaṇayan
n' ātmanā n' âvalambe;
tat, kalyāṇi, tvam api sutarāṃ
mā gamaḥ kātaratvam.
kasy' âtyantaṃ sukham upanataṃ,
duḥkham ek'|ântato vā?
nīcair gacchaty upari ca daśā
cakra|nemi|krameṇa.

śāp'|ânto me bhuja|ga|śayanād
utthite Śārṅga|pāṇau
māsān anyān gamaya caturo
locane mīlayitvā.
paścād āvāṃ viraha|guṇitaṃ
taṃ tam ātm'|âbhilāṣaṃ
nirvekṣyāvaḥ pariṇata|śarac|
candrikāsu kṣapāsu.»

'How might the nights, 2.105
with their long watches,
be shortened into instants?
And how might the day at all times
have but the gentlest warmth?'
O lady with darting eyes,
my mind, rendered helpless
by burning pangs of separation from you,
is set on impossible aims like these.

But, in thinking about many things,
I keep up my spirits all by myself,
so, good lady, you too
should not be overly worried.
Nobody's lot is
permanent happiness
or constant sorrow:
fortunes rise and fall
like the rim of a wheel.

My curse will end when Vishnu
rises from his snake-bed:
close your eyes
and make the next four months go by.
Then, on nights lit by the autumn full moon,
the two of us shall enjoy
every one of those desires
that our separation intensified."

bhūyaś c' āha: «tvam api śayane
kaṇṭha|lagnā purā me
nidrāṃ gatvā kim api rudatī
sa|svanaṃ viprabuddhā.
s'|ântar|hāsaṃ kathitam a|sakṛt
pṛcchataś ca tvayā me:
‹drṣṭaḥ svapne, kitava, ramayaṅ
kām api tvaṃ may" êti›

etasmān māṃ kuśalinam abhi-
jñāna|dānād viditvā
mā kaulīnād, asita|nayane,
mayy a|viśvāsinī bhūḥ.
snehān āhuḥ kim api viraha|
hrāsinas te hy a|bhogād
iṣṭe vastuny upacita|rasāḥ
prema|rāśī|bhavanti.»»

2.110 kac cit, somya, vyavasitam idaṃ
bandhu|kṛtyaṃ tvayā me;
pratyākhyātuṃ na khalu bhavato
dhīratāṃ tarkayāmi.
niḥ|śabdo 'pi pradiśasi jalaṃ
yācitaś cātakebhyaḥ:
pratyuktaṃ hi praṇayiṣu satām
īpsit'|ârtha|kriy" âiva.

He continued:
"Once you were asleep in bed,
clinging to my neck,
when for some reason you woke up,
crying out loud.
I kept asking you what was the matter.
You replied, stifling a laugh,
'You cheat! In a dream I saw you
having fun with some other girl!'

Now that you have learned
from this token of remembrance
that I am well,
don't let idle talk
make you distrustful of me,
o dark-eyed girl.
For some reason people say
that affections diminish in separation,
but frustration makes them
hungrier for what they want,
turning them into a store of love."'

I hope, kind sir, that you have decided 2.110
to carry out this task for me, your friend.
In no way do I consider your silence a refusal:
when asked, you give water to the *chátaka* birds without a word,
for the good answer supplicants by doing what they want.

etat kṛtvā priyam an|ucita|
prārthanā|vartmano me,
sau|hārdād vā vidhura iti vā
mayy anukrośa|buddhyā
iṣṭān deśān vicara, jala|da,
prāvṛṣā saṃbhṛta|śrīr;
mā bhūd evaṃ kṣaṇam api ca te
vidyutā viprayogaḥ!»

I am making you an unusual request.
Having done me this favor,
whether through friendship
or pity for me as one bereft,
wander where you wish, o cloud,
your beauty enhanced by the monsoon.
And may you never, even for an instant,
be separated like this from lightning!"*

DHOYI
THE WIND MESSENGER

3.1 Asti śrī|maty a|khila|vasu|dhā|
sundare candan'|âdrau
gandharvāṇām Kanakanagarī
nāma ramyo nivāsaḥ,
haimair līlā|bhavana|śikharair
ambaraṃ vyālikhadbhir
dhatte śākhā|nagara|gaṇanāṃ
yaḥ surāṇāṃ purasya.

tasminn ekā Kuvalayavatī
nāma gandharva|kanyā,
manye, jaitraṃ mṛdu kusumato 'py
āyudhaṃ yā Smarasya.
dṛṣṭvā devaṃ bhuvana|vijaye
Lakṣmaṇaṃ kṣoṇi|pālaṃ
bālā sadyaḥ kusuma|dhanuṣaḥ
saṃvidheyī babhūva.

bālyeṣv ālīṣv api manasi|jaṃ
s" ân|abhivyañjayantī
pāṇḍu|kṣāmā kati cid anayat
kātarā vāsarāṇi.
gantuṃ deś'|ântaram atha madhāv
anyath" âiva pravṛttaṃ
gāḍh'|ôtkaṇṭhā Malaya|pavanaṃ
sa|praṇāmaṃ yayāce:

On the glorious Sandal mountain,* 3.1
the most beautiful in all the world,
there is a lovely settlement of *gandhárva*s
known as Kánaka·nágari.
With the golden spires
of its houses of fun
scraping the sky,
it is considered an outpost
of the city of the gods.

A girl called Kuválayavati lived there,
a *gandhárva* maiden
who was, it seems, a more tender weapon of conquest
than even Smara's flower.*
When she saw His Highness King Lákshmana
on a triumphal tour of the world,
the girl immediately fell under the power
of the god with flowers in his bow.

Pale and wasted,
the desperate girl
passed several days
without revealing her love
to even her childhood friends.
Then, in spring, when it changed
and started toward a different region,
she bowed before the wind from Mount Málaya
and with profound longing made a request of it:

«tvattaḥ prāṇāḥ sakala|jagatāṃ,
dakṣiṇas tvaṃ prakṛtyā,
jaṅghālaṃ tvāṃ, pavana, manaso
'n|antaraṃ vyāharanti.
tasmād eva tvayi khalu mayā
sampraṇīto 'rthi|bhāvaḥ:
prāyo bhikṣā bhavati viphalā
n' âiva yuṣmad|vidheṣu.

3.5 vīkṣy' âvasthāṃ viraha|vidhurāṃ
Rāmacandrasya hetor
yātaḥ pāraṃ, pavana, saritāṃ
patyur apy Āñjaneyaḥ.
tat|tātasy' â|pratihata|gater
yāsyatas te mad|arthaṃ
Gauḍī kṣoṇī kati nu Malaya|
kṣmā|dharād yojanāni?

tatr' âvaśyaṃ kusuma|samaye
saḥ tvayā śīlanīyaḥ
sāndr'|ôdyāna|sthagita|gagana|
prāṅganaṇo Gauḍa|deśaḥ.
tan me 'vasthāṃ kathaya nṛ|pater
jīvana|trāṇa|hetoḥ:
prādur|bhāvas tri|jagati khalu
tvā|dṛśānāṃ par'|ârthaḥ.

"From you, o wind, comes
the breath of all living creatures,
you are *able : from the south by nature*
and you are said to move
even faster than the mind.
That is why I have come to you
as a supplicant:
a request to one like you
rarely fails to bear fruit.

When he saw Rama·chandra's 3·5
sorry state in separation,
Hánuman crossed even the ocean, o wind.
You are his father
and nothing gets in your way:
for you, traveling on my behalf,
it is no distance from Mount Málaya
to the land of Gauda.

You must go there when the flowers are in bloom,
to that place where the courtyards
have gardens so lush they hide the sky—
the Gauda country.
Once there, tell the King my condition
so that my life might be saved.
Your kind appear in the three worlds
for the sake of others.

hṛtv” ân|arghyaṃ parimalam itaś
candan’|ânokahānāṃ
tūrṇaṃ tāvad visṛja Malay’|ô-
patyakā|kānanāni,
yāvan n’ âite nidhuvana|kalā|
keli|bhājo bhujaṅ|gā
bhoga/vyājāc culuka|culukaṃ
mat|sarās tvāṃ pibanti.

Śrīkhaṇḍ’|âdreḥ parisaram ati
kramya gav|yūti|mātraṃ
gantavyas te kim api jagatī|
maṇḍanaṃ Pāṇḍya|deśaḥ.
tatra khyātaṃ puram Ura|gam ity
ākhyayā Tāmrapārṇyās
tīre mugdha|kramuka|tarubhir
baddha|rekhe bhajethāḥ.

sambhog’|ânte ślatha|bhuja|latā|
niḥsahānāṃ vadhūnāṃ
vyādhunvanto ’n|ucita|kavarī|
bhāram a|vyāja|mugdham
asmin sadyaḥ śrama|jala|nudaḥ
saudha|jālair upetya,
pratyāsannā Malaya|marutas
tāla|vṛntī|bhavanti.

Take from here
the priceless scent of the sandal trees
and leave the forests of Málaya's foothills
quickly enough for these selfish snakes
enjoying amorous frolics
not to
use their hoods to :
pretend that you are their food and
drink you in gulp by gulp.*

You must go to the Pandya country,
a kind of ornament to the world
just two *yójana*s past the outskirts of Mount Málaya,
and visit the city there called Snake
on the beautiful betel-tree-lined banks of Tamra·parni.

On nearing that place,
the breezes from Málaya
head straight for
the windows of the mansions
and act as fans,
removing the sweat
and mussing up
the thick disheveled tresses,
charmingly unadorned,
of ladies weak after lovemaking,
their long, slender arms lying languid.

3.10 krīḍā|śailaṃ bhuja|ga|nagarī|
yoṣitāṃ kautukaṃ cet,
Setuṃ yāyā jala|dhi|kariṇaḥ
śṛṅkhalā|dāma dīrgham.
bhāti snehād avani|tanayā|
jīvan'|āśvāsa|hetor
Laṅkā|dvīpaṃ prahita iva yo
bāhur ekaḥ pṛthivyāḥ.

krudhyad|Gaurī|kara|kisalay'|ā-
kṛṣṭa|cūḍā|sudh"|âṃśor
drakṣyasy uccaiḥ|kulam a|kaluṣaṃ
tatra Rāmeśvarasya.
madhyaṃ yatra tri|vali|viṣamaṃ
vāra|sīmantinīnāṃ
hast'|ôtkampaṃ kathayati vidheḥ
sṛṣṭa|*kāñcī*|padasya.

līl"|āgārair amara|nagarasy'
âpi garvaṃ harantīṃ
gaccheḥ Kāñcīpuram atha diśo
bhūṣaṇaṃ dakṣiṇasyāḥ,
naktaṃ yatra praharika iv' ôj-
jāgaraṃ nāgarāṇāṃ
kurvan pāṇi|praṇihita|dhanur
jāyate pañca|bāṇaḥ.

If you are curious, 3.10
you should go to the rocky promontory
where the women of Snake city play—
Setu, the long restraining chain
of that elephant the ocean.
It looks as though mother earth,
in order to reassure her daughter,*
has affectionately extended an arm
toward the island of Lanka.

There you will see
the tall taintless temple of Raméshvara,
the moon on his head removed
at the tender hands of angry Gauri.
The courtesans there have midriffs
rumpled by triple folds,
betraying the shaky hand of the creator
when he brought forth the region of *the girdle : Kanchi*.*

Then you should go to Kanchi·pura,
the jewel of the south,
which shames even the city of the gods
with its houses of fun,
and where at night, bow in hand,
the god with five arrows*
keeps the citizens awake
like a sentry ringing in the watches.

āb|bhraṃ līlā|vihasitam iva
śyāvatām abhyupete
sadyaḥ phena|vyatikara|miṣād
arpayaty aṃśuk'|ântam
ambhaḥ|krīḍā|kutuka|rabhasa|
bhraṣṭa|cīn'|ôttarīye
yan|nārīṇām urasi Subalā
vīci|hastaiḥ sakh" îva.

manye, mokṣaḥ kaṭhina|su|rat'|ā-
yāsa|labdhasya tūrṇaṃ
duṣ|prāpas te, pavana, bhavitā
Cola|sīmantinībhyaḥ.
ke vā tāsām alaka|racanā|
līna|nīlī|sa|nāthe
gaṇḍ'|ābhoge Malaya|ja|payaḥ|
picchile na skhalanti?

3.15 hitvā Kāñcīm a|vinayavatī|
bhukta|rodho|nikuñjāṃ
tām Kāverīm anusara kha|ga|
śreṇi|vācāla|kūlām,
kānt'|āśleṣād api khalu sukha|
sparśam indu|tviṣo 'pi
svacchaṃ bhikṣā|pravaṇa|manaso 'py
ambu yasyā laghīyaḥ.

When the coverings of fine Chinese silk
worn by the women there
slip off during exuberant games in her water
and their breasts turn dark,
Su·bala seems, in her whirlpools,
to laugh playfully
while, like a girlfriend with waves for hands,
quickly replacing the ends of their robes
with a coating of froth.

When you are worn out, o wind,
by the rigors of lovemaking,
I think it will be hard for you
to hurry away from the Chola women.
The curves of their cheeks
are smeared with sandal paste
and covered in the indigo
applied to dress their hair:
who wouldn't slip up on them?

When you leave Kanchi, follow Kavéri, 3.15
the bowers of her banks
enjoyed by immodest women,
her shores resounding
with rows of birds.
Softer even than a lover's embrace,
purer even than the light of the moon,
her waters are more wholesome
even than Shiva,
he whose mind is bent on begging.

yā Gaṅg” êva prakṛti|su|bhagā
jāyate Keralīnāṃ
keli|snāne kuca|malaya|jaiḥ
pāṇḍimānaṃ dadhānā
śaśvad|gotra|skhalana|janita|
trāsa|lolasya sindhor
udvīci|bhruś caraṇa|patana|
prema|vācāṃ rasa|jñā.

tasyā līlā|sarita iva tāḥ
srotasi śroṇi|daghne
toya|krīḍāṃ yadi vidadhate
dākṣiṇātyās taruṇyaḥ
vīci|kṣepaiḥ stana|parisareṣv
asta|hāreṣu tāsāṃ,
muktā|jālaṃ racaya tad|apāṃ
bindubhiḥ kunda|gauraiḥ.

snigdha|śyāmaṃ gurubhir upalaiḥ
parvataṃ Mālyavantaṃ
paśyer uttambhitam iva puraḥ
keśa|pāśaṃ pṛthivyāḥ.
tatr’ âdy’ âpi pratijhara|jalair
jarjarāḥ prastha|bhāgāḥ
Sītā|bhartuḥ pṛthutara|śucaḥ
sūcayanty aśru|pātān.

Turning pale with sandal
from the breasts of the Kéralan ladies
sporting in her water,
she takes on a natural beauty,
becoming like Ganga.
Waves her furrowed brow,
she delights in the ocean,
restless with worry
at her constant mistaking of his name,
falling at her feet
and protesting his love.

She is like a river of fun;
if those southern girls are playing
in her waist-deep waters
and the blows of the waves
have removed the garlands from their breasts,
use drops of her water, white as jasmine,
to make them necklaces of pearls.

Shiny and black with its massive boulders,
you should see Mount Mályavat
rise up before you
like the topknot of mother earth.
Even now, with the waters of their streams,
the tumbledown mountainsides there
bring to mind the tears
of Sita's grief-stricken lord.

ramy'|ôpāntaṃ sarala|tarubhir
Māṇḍakarṇeḥ saras tad
gaccheḥ Pañcāpsara iti hṛta|
prauḍha|tāpaṃ Maghonaḥ,
yatr' âdy' âpi tri|daśa|taruṇī|
mugdha|saṃgīti|mālāḥ
pūrva|prem'|ôpagata|hariṇa|
śreṇim utkaṇṭhayanti.

3.20 krīḍ"|âśoka|kramuka|bahul'|ā-
rāma|ramy'|ôpakaṇṭhāḥ
sampatsyante pathi pathi tava
prītaye prasthitasya,
pīn'|ôttuṅga|stana|bhara|namat|
pāmarī|prema|lobhān
nirviccheda|bhramita|pathikāḥ
pallayaḥ palvalinyaḥ.

Andhrān hitvā jana|pada|vadhū|
gāḍha|Godāvarīkān,
Kāliṅgasy' ânusara nagarīṃ
nāma tāṃ rāja|dhānīm.
sambhog'|ânte mukulita|dṛśāṃ
tatra vār'|âṅganānām
aṅga|glāniṃ hara paripatan
keli|vāt'|āyaneṣu.

You should visit the lake,
beautifully bordered by *sárala* trees,
of the sage Mandakárni.*
Known by the name Panchápsara,
it removed Indra's great torment.
Even today, the strains of beautiful music
from the wives of the gods there
inspire longing in the rows of deer
drawing near out of age-old affection.

Along your way as you journey on, 3.20
scattered for your pleasure,
their boundaries adorned with groves
full of lovely *ashóka* and betel trees,
will be little hamlets with ponds
where wayfarers wander incessantly,
lusting after the affections
of lowly women bent over
from the weight of their full, pert breasts.

Leave behind Andhra country and Godávari,
in whom the local ladies bathe,
and carry on to the city called Nágari,
capital of Kalínga.*
Throwing yourself through the windows
of the houses of fun there,
remove the fatigue of the courtesans,
their eyes closed after lovemaking.

khelad|vīci|pracaya|raciṭ'|ân|
eka|sopāna|rekhaṃ
tīraṃ yāyāḥ phala|bhara|namat|
pūga|mālaṃ payo|dheḥ.
gāyantīnām śravaṇa|su|bhagaṃ
tatra siddh'|âṅganānāṃ
sthāne sthāne janaya śanakais
tāna|śabd'|ânuvādān.

kuñja|krīḍat|tri|daśa|taruṇī|
keli|niśvāsa|vātair
glāyad|vallī|kiśalaya|ruco
nirviśer Vindhya|pādān,
paśyan vaktrāṇy an|ati|catura|
vyādha|sīmantinīnāṃ
mādyad|gandha|dvirada|rasita|
trāsa|lol'|ēkṣaṇāni.

sv'|êcchā|ramyaṃ vihara viha|ga|
vyākul'|ôttuṅga|vṛkṣe
Vindhy'|ôtsaṅga|praṇayini vane,
mānavatyo 'pi yatra
saṃjāyante rahasi kariṇāṃ
krūram ākarṇya śabdaṃ
bhartuḥ kaṇṭhe praṇihita|bhujā|
vallayo Bhilla|yoṣāḥ.

You should visit the ocean shore,
where countless playful waves
have fashioned rows of steps
and lines of betel trees bend down
under the weight of their fruit.
In the places that the *siddha* ladies there
are singing sweetly,
answer them by chanting softly.

Taking a look at the faces
of the not-so-cunning hunters' wives,
their eyes rolling about in fear
at the trumpeting of drunken elephants in rut,
you should visit Vindhya's foothills,
where the hot playful sighs
of divine damsels sporting in the bowers
dull the sheen of the sprouting vines.

Have fun wandering at will
in the forest nestling in Vindhya's lap,
where the tall trees teem with birds
and proud Bhilla women,
on hearing the harsh cries
of elephants in the wilderness,
throw creeper-like arms
around the necks of their husbands.

3.25 svaira|krīḍā|rasika|śabarī|
sikta|rodho|nikuñjāṃ
gacche Revām abhinava|śuka|
śyāma|vaṃśī|vanena,
manyante yat|parisara|bhuvi
prauḍha|sīmantinīnāṃ
līlā|māna|graham api rater
antarāyaṃ yuvānaḥ.

līlāṃ netuṃ nayana|padavīm
Keralīnāṃ rateś ced
gaccheḥ khyātāṃ jagati nagarīm
ākhyayā tām Yayāteḥ,
gāḍh'|āśliṣṭa|kramuka|taravaḥ
prāṅgaṇe nāga|vallyo
bālāṃ yatra priyatama|parī-
rambham adhyāpayanti.

Gaṅgā|vīci|pluta|parisaraḥ
saudha|māl"|âvataṃso
yāsyaty uccais tvayi rasa|mayo
vismayaṃ Suhma|deśaḥ,
śrotra|krīḍ"|ābharaṇa|padavīṃ
bhūmi|dev'|âṅganānāṃ
tālī|patraṃ nava|śaśi|kalā|
komalaṃ yatra yāti.

By way of a bamboo forest 3.25
as green as a young parrot,
you should go to Nármada,
the groves on her banks made moist
by forest women with a taste
for frolicking freely—
in her vicinity young men consider
even the playful sulks of lusty ladies
a hindrance to lovemaking.

To cast your gaze upon
the loveplay of ladies from Kérala,
you must go to the city made world-famous
by the name of King Yayáti,*
where the *naga* creepers clinging tightly
to the *krámuka* trees in the courtyards*
show the ladies how to embrace their sweethearts.

The lush land of Suhma,
bathed on its borders
by Ganga's waves
and festooned with garlands of mansions,
will be astonished at your arrival.
Palm fronds as slender as
the sliver of the new moon
serve as ear ornaments
for the king's harem there.

tasmin Sen”|ânvaya|nṛ|patinā
deva|rājy’|âbhiṣikto
devaḥ Suhme vasati Kamalā|
keli|kāro Murāriḥ.
pāṇau līlā|kamalam a|sakṛd
yat|samīpe vahantyo
Lakṣmī|śaṅkāṃ prakṛti|su|bhagāḥ
kurvate vāra|rāmāḥ.

yātasy’ ōrdhvaṃ dhana|pati|nagen’
âiva gaurair agāraiḥ
paśyes tasmin nagaram an|aghaṃ
cāru candr’|ârdha|mauleḥ,
yatr’ ân|eka|priya|nakha|pada|
vyājato vāra|rāmā
bhartur bhūṣā|śaśa|dhara|kalā|
cihnam aṅke vahanti.

Anointed as ruler of the gods
by the king of the Sena dynasty,
lord Murári resides there in Suhma country,
sporting with Kámala.
The courtesans around the temple,
with their natural beauty
and the play lotuses
they constantly carry in their hands,
make Lakshmi anxious.*

Further along the way,
past the mountain of the lord of wealth
and the white mansions,
you will see the flawlessly beautiful city
of Shiva, the god with the half-moon on his head.
In the form of marks from the nails
of their many lovers,
the courtesans there
wear on their bodies
the symbol of their lord:
an ornamental digit of the moon.

3.30 tatr' ân|arghyam Raghu|kula|guruṃ
svar|ṇadī|tīra|deśe
natvā devaṃ vraja giri|sutā|
saṃvibhakt'|âṅga|ramyam,
yāte yasmin nayana|padavīṃ
sundara|bhrū|latānāṃ
prauḍha|strīṇāṃ galati ramaṇa|
prema|janm'|âbhimānaḥ.

tat|kṣetraṃ ca tri|diva|saritaṃ c'
ântarā sevanīyaḥ:
śrī|Ballāla|kṣiti|pati|yaśo|
bāndhavaḥ setu|bandhaḥ,
ārūḍhānāṃ tri|diva|taṭinī|
snāna|hetor janānāṃ
yatra dvedh" âpy amara|nagarī
sannikṛṣṭā vibhāti.

Gaṅgāṃ phena|stabaka|mukuraṃ
vīci|haste vahantīṃ
sevethās tām atha parisara|
prauḍha|haṃs'|âvataṃsām,
pratyāvṛtya vrajati jala|dhau
preyasi prema|lolā
kartuṃ keśa|graham iva kim apy
uddhatā yā vibhāti.

After paying homage 3.30
to the venerable guru of Raghu's dynasty
on the banks of the river of heaven,
go to the god made beautiful
by sharing his body
with the daughter of the mountains,*
on seeing whom the pride,
born of their lovers' love,
of haughty ladies
with beautiful creeper-like brows
melts away.

Between there and the river of heaven
is a place you must visit:
the causeway that confirms the renown
of glorious King Ballála.
For the people who ascend it
to bathe in the river of heaven,
the city of the gods seems doubly near.

Next you should serve Ganga,
who carries a looking glass
made of clusters of froth
in the waves that are her hands
and is garlanded
by the proud swans on her banks.
Capricious in her love,
when her lover, the ocean,
turns around and leaves,
she seems to rise up a little,
as if to grab his hair.

toya|krīḍā|sarasa|nipatat|
Suhma|sīmantinīnāṃ
vīcī|dhautaiḥ stana|mṛga|madaiḥ
śyāmalī|bhūya bhūyaḥ
Bhāgīrathyās tapana|tanayā
yatra niryāti devī,
deśaṃ yāyās tam atha jagatī|
pāvanaṃ bhakti|namraḥ.

saṃsarpantīṃ prakṛti|kuṭilāṃ
darśit'|āvarta|cakrāṃ
tām ālokya tri|daśa|sarito
nirgatām ambu|garbhāt,
mā nirmukt'|âsita|phaṇi|vadhū|
śaṅkayā kātaro bhūr!
bhītaḥ sarvo bhavati bhuja|gāt,
kiṃ punas tvā|dṛśo yaḥ?

krīḍantīnāṃ payasi rabhasāt
tatra līlāvatīnāṃ
vīcī|hastai racaya kucayor
aṃśuka|sraṃsanāni,
sadyas tāsām api ca ramaṇ'|ā-
lokana|vyākulānāṃ
yāntu krīḍā|masṛṇa|hasitāny
uttarīy'|âñcalatvam!

Then, bowing with devotion,
you should go to the place
that purifies the world,
where the divine daughter of the sun* leaves Ganga,
having turned darker still
by washing off with her waves
the musk on the breasts of the ladies of Suhma
when they fall over gracefully
while playing in the water.

When you see that lady,
slippery by nature,
slithering out of the waters
of the river of heaven,
her whirlpools resembling whorls,
don't be afraid that she is a black she-snake
shedding her skin.
Everyone is scared of snakes—
how much more so one of your kind!*

Using her waves as your hands, 3.35
make the robes slip
from the breasts of the lovely ladies
playing boisterously there in the water,
and, as soon as their lovers' stares unsettle them,
let their soft, playful smiles
serve as the ends of their shawls!

skandh'|āvāraṃ Vijayapuram ity
unnatāṃ rāja|dhānīṃ
dṛṣṭvā tāvad bhuvana|jayinas
tasya rājño 'dhigaccheḥ,
Gaṅgā|vātas tvam iva caturo
yatra paur'|âṅganānāṃ
sambhog'|ânte sapadi vitanoty
aṅga|saṃvāhanāni.

yat|saudhānām upari vaḍabhī|
śāla|bhañjīṣu līnāḥ
su|snigdhāsu prakṛti|madhurāḥ
keli|kautūhalena
unnīyante katham api rahaḥ
pāṇi|paṅke|ruh'|âgra|
sparś'|ôdgacchat|pulaka|mukulāḥ
su|bhruvo vallabhena.

snigdha|śyāmā|ramaṇa|maṇibhir
baddha|mugdh'|ālavālāḥ
paura|strībhiḥ kramuka|taravo
ropitāḥ prāṅgaṇeṣu
yatr' â|yatn'|ôpagata|salilair
naktam āsikta|mūlā
n' âpekṣante parijana|vadhū|
pāṇi|viśrāṇit'|âmbhaḥ.

As soon as you see the sublime capital Víjaya·pura,
headquarters of the world-conquering king,
you should go there,
where the breeze from Ganga, skillful like you,
massages the bodies of the ladies of the city
as soon as they finish their lovemaking.

Where, in attics atop mansions,
gorgeous girls of artless beauty
keen for some fun
play hide-and-seek
among lovely wooden statues
and are discovered only
when the touch of the petals
of the lotuses held in their hands
makes the hair on their lovers' bodies
stand on end.

Where, around the feet of the *krámuka* trees
planted in courtyards by the ladies of the city,
there are beautiful basins
inlaid with lovely moonstones
and water arrives without effort*
to sprinkle their roots at night—
they don't wait to be watered by servant girls.

Gaṅgā|śleṣa|prakṛti|vimale
pālite tena rājñā
jātā loka|dvitaya|vigalad|
bhītayo yatra paurāḥ;
bālābhyo 'tha praṇaya|kalahai
rūḍha|kop'|âṅkurābhyo
vitrasyanti bhru|kuṭi|racanā|
cāru|bhīm'|ānanābhyaḥ.

3.40 āttaṃ karṇāt praṇihita|padaṃ
s'|âñjanair aśru|leśair,
baddhaṃ tāpa|glapita|bisinī|
tantunā bandhanena,
yatra strīṇām adhara|rucaka|
nyasta|sindūra|mudraṃ
tālī|patraṃ praṇayini jane
prema|lekhatvam eti.

bhartuḥ svairaṃ su|rata|janita|
sveda|bindūn vinetuṃ
yatra snehād a|gaṇita|nija|
glānibhir mugdha|dāraiḥ
saudh'|ôtsaṅge śaśa|dhara|rucas
tantu|jāla|praviṣṭā
vyākṛṣyante rucira|camarī|
bāla|bhāra|bhrameṇa.

Where the land is
naturally purified by Ganga's touch
and protected by that king
so the citizens' worries
for this world and the next
are ebbing away.
They are, however,
fearful of the girls who,
in quarrels with their lovers,
youthful anger bursting forth,
have faces made both beautiful and terrifying
by arching brows.

Where palm-leaf decorations 3.40
taken from the ladies' ears,
inscribed with teardrops mixed with mascara,
bound with ties of lotus fibers withered by the fever of separation*
and sealed with vermilion lipstick,
become love letters to their sweethearts.

Where charming wives,
to remove from their husbands
beads of sweat
born of willful lovemaking,
affectionately disregard
their own exhaustion
and gather the moonbeams
entering the fine mesh windows,
mistaking them for gleaming strands of yak hair.

vṛddh'|ôṣmāṇaḥ stana|parisarāḥ
kuṅkumasy' âṅga|rāgā,
dolāḥ keli|vyasana|rasikāḥ,
sundarīṇāṃ samūhāḥ,
krīḍā|vāpyaḥ pratanu|salilā,
mālatī|dāma, rātriḥ
styāna|jyotsnā mudam a|viratāṃ
kurvate yatra yūnām.

bhrāmyantīnāṃ tamasi nibiḍe
vallabh'|ākāṅkṣiṇīnāṃ
lākṣā|rāgāś caraṇa|galitāḥ
paura|sīmantinīnām
rakt'|âśoka|stabaka|lalitair
bāla|bhānor mayūkhair
n' ālakṣyante rajani|vigame
paura|mārgeṣu yatra.

ratnair muktā|marakata|mahā|
nīla|saugandhik'|ādyaiḥ
śaṅkhair bālā|valaya|racanā|
bandhubhir vidrumaiś ca
Lopāmudrā|ramaṇa|muninā
pīta|niḥśeṣa|vāreḥ
Śrīḥ sarvasvaṃ harati vipadaṃ
yatra ratn'|ākarasya.

Where there are overheated bosoms,
cooling saffron massage pastes,
swings expert in passionate playfulness,
groups of gorgeous girls,
play-pools with shallow water,
a garland of jasmine flowers
and a night with soft moonlight
to bring endless joy to the young men.

Where the red dye that drips
from the city ladies' feet
as they wander
through the pitch dark
longing for their lovers
is made invisible
at the end of the night
by rays of the morning sun
as lovely as red *ashóka* blossoms.

Where, with all kinds of jewels—
pearls, emeralds, sapphires, rubies—
and conch shells
and pieces of coral
used to make ladies' bracelets,
Lakshmi removes altogether
the distress of the ocean,
that store of treasures
whose every last drop
was drunk by the sage Agástya.

3.45 mūkī|bhūtāṃ marakata|mayīṃ
hāra|yaṣṭiṃ dadhānā
yasmin bālā mṛga|mada|masī|
picchileṣu staneṣu
ceto|varti|Smara|huta|vahaṃ
dīpitaṃ sneha|pūraiḥ
kṛtvā yānti priyatama|gṛhān
andha|kāre ghane 'pi.

nītaṃ yatnād a|vinaya|lipeḥ
patratām āyat'|âkṣyā
nirgacchantyaḥ sapadi hṛdayaṃ
kṣālayitv" êva yatra
kānte pāda|praṇayini milat|
kajjala|śyāmalānām
unmucyante nayana|payasāṃ
śreṇayo māninībhiḥ.

agre teṣāṃ vyapagata|madaḥ
sthātum ev' â|samartho
dṛṣṭvā kāntiṃ kusuma|dhanuṣaḥ.
kā kathā vikramasya?
su|bhrū|līlā|catura|nayana|
kṣepa|ramyair vilāsair
yasmin yātās tad api su|dṛśāṃ
kiṃ|karatvaṃ yuvānaḥ.

Where young ladies, 3.45
wearing muffled emerald necklaces
on breasts smeared with musk paste,
ignite the flame of passion in their hearts
with a flood of the oil of love
and head for their sweethearts' houses
even in the dead of night.*

Where, suddenly flowing forth
as if having washed the hearts
that wide-eyed ladies had striven to make
the paper for their inscriptions of pride,
streams of tears made dark
by mingling with mascara
are emitted by those sulky girls
when their lovers fall at their feet.

Where, on seeing before him
the young men's beauty,
the god of love
has lost his arrogance
and can't even stay.
But what of his power?
Through coquettish gestures
embellished by the side glances
of eyes skilled in the games of gorgeous girls,
those same young men
have become slaves to pretty ladies.

tvayy āsīne manasi|ja|gurau
yatra sāraṅga|netrāḥ
saṃdṛśyante racita|catur'|ôd-
yāna|dolā|vilāsāḥ,
abhyasyantyaḥ sa|rabhasam iva
vyoma|kāntāra|yānaṃ
Kandarpasya tri|diva|yuvatīṃ
jetu|kāmasya senāḥ.

prāsādānāṃ dina|pariṇatau
garbha|dagdh'|âgurūṇāṃ
jāl'|ôdgīrṇaḥ sa|jala|jala|da|
śyāmalo yatra dhūmaḥ
sadyaḥ krīḍā|kutuka|rabhas'|ā-
rūḍha|paurī|mukh'|êndur
jyotsnā|saṅga|prasṛmara|tamaḥ|
śreṇi|śaṅkāṃ tanoti.

3.50 vyarthī|bhūta|priya|saha|carī|
cāru|vācāṃ niśīthe
roṣād astrī|kṛta|kuvalay'|ôt-
taṃsa|visraṃsi|mālyam
yūnāṃ yatra praṇaya|kalahaṃ
keli|harmy'|âgra|bhājām
induḥ pratyādiśati sa|vidhī|
bhūya śaśvat kareṇa.

You are the guru of the god of love
and when you are there
you will see doe-eyed girls
skilled at sporting on garden swings,
looking as though Kandárpa* wants
to overthrow the ladies of heaven
and they are his army,
eagerly practicing on aerial chariots.

Where, at day's end,
when aloe wood is burnt
in chambers on terraces
and smoke as dark as a rain-cloud
pours forth from their windows,
the moon-like faces of the ladies of the city
who have eagerly climbed up in hope of some fun
immediately make it seem that moonlight's touch
has dispelled the ranks of darkness.

Where, in the middle of the night, 3.50
when the sweet words
of lovers to their girlfriends
on the roofs of the houses of fun
have come to nothing,
the moon always draws near
and, with its rays,
ends their tiffs,
in which anger has made weapons
of garlands falling from water-lily wreaths.

tatra sv'|êcchā|rati|vinimaye c'
  âiva sīmantinīnāṃ
karṇa|sraṃsi prakṛti|su|bhagaṃ
  ketakī|garbha|patram
utpaśyanti vyatikara|calat|
  kuṇḍalā|ghaṭṭanābhir
bhinnaṃ sākṣād iva mukha|vidhoḥ
  khaṇḍam ekaṃ vidagdhāḥ.

vācaḥ śrotr'|âmṛtam, anugata|
  bhrū|vilāsāḥ kaṭ'|âkṣā,
rūpaṃ hast'|ôccaya|samucitaṃ,
  snigdha|mugdhāś ca hāvāḥ,
yātaṃ līl"|âñcitam a|kṛtakaṃ
  yatra nepathyam etat
paura|strīṇāṃ draviṇa|su|labhā
  prakriyā bhūṣaṇaṃ ca.

puñjī|bhūtaṃ jagad iva tataḥ
  sapta|kakṣyā|niveśai
ramyaṃ yāyā bhavanam avanī|
  maṇḍal'|Ākhaṇḍalasya,
yat|saudhānāṃ śikhari|su|hṛdāṃ
  mūrdhni viśrānta|meghe
vidyul|lekhā vitarati muhur
  vaijayantī|vilāsam.

And in the free exchanges of love there,
when a *kétaki* petal,
naturally beautiful,
falls from a lady's ears,
broken by blows from earrings
swinging to her embrace,
connoisseurs inspect it
as if a single fragment
of the face of the moon
were before their eyes.

Voices like aural ambrosia,
side glances accompanied by
playfully raised eyebrows,
beauty fit to be gathered by hand,
charmingly innocent flirtatious gestures
and a playfully lilting gait—
this is the natural attire
of the ladies of the city,
and treatments easily bought
are their ornaments.

You should then visit
the earthly Indra's beautiful palace,
which, with its seven entrance halls,
is like the universe heaped together.
When a cloud rests on the tops
of its stuccoed towers,
friends to the mountains,
a streak of lightning unfurls
a brilliant victory banner*
over and over again.

snigdha|śyāmair iva viracitā
dāritair indra|nīlair
vāpī tasminn avani|vanitā|
ramya|rom'|âval" îva,
yasyās tīre viharad|an|ati|
prauḍha|sīmantinīnāṃ,
manye, līlā|gatiṣu guravaḥ
rāja|haṃsā bhavanti.

3.55 devaṃ sākṣān manasi|jam iva
prāpta|rājy'|âbhiṣekaṃ
sevethās tvaṃ kathita|samaye
cāmara|grāhiṇībhiḥ,
yasya snigdha|sphurad|asi|latā|
sphāra|gatyā jalānāṃ
labdhaḥ saṃkhye ripu|kula|vadhū|
locanaiḥ saṃvibhāgaḥ.

Inside, made from dark and shiny
sapphire fragments,
is a pool, long and narrow
like the beautiful line of hair
on the midriff of lady Earth.*
For the young ladies playing on its banks,
it seems their teachers
in the art of walking gracefully
are the flamingos.

His Highness looks like the god of love in person 3.55
and has had his royal consecration:
you should fan him when instructed
by the servant girls carrying fly whisks.
The wide sweep of his sword's
lovely flashing blade
has made as much blood in battle
as the eyes of the ladies
of his enemies' families
have made tears.

yasy' âutsukyād a|sama|samar'|ā-
lokan'|ônmāda|bhājāṃ
svarga|strīṇām a|parigaṇita|
srasta|cel'|âñcalānām,
manye, dhārā|catura|tura|g'|ôt-
khāta|reṇu|pratānaḥ
sadyo|lagnaḥ stana|kalaśayor
antarīyatvam eti.

bhugna|grīvaṃ bhuja|bisa|lat"|ā-
sakta|vaktr'|âmbu|jābhiḥ
‹so 'yaṃ Sen'|ânvaya|nṛ|pa iti›
trāsa|kautūhalābhyām
viṣvak pītaḥ kuvalaya|dala|
śreṇi|dīrghaiḥ kaṭ'|âkṣaiḥ
paura|strībhiḥ sapadi nagarī|
vidrave vidviṣāṃ yaḥ.

baddh'|ākrandā viha|ga|ruditair
bibhratī cetas' îva,
krīḍ"|āgāre su|cira|likhitām
ākṛtiṃ vallabhasya
prauḍh'|ārāmā yad|ari|nagarī
saudha|saṃjāta|dūrvā|
jāla|vyājād alaka|paṭalīṃ
dūra|namrāṃ bibharti.

The ladies of heaven,
beside themselves
as they eagerly watch
his matchless battles,
don't realize
that the ends of their robes
have slipped off.
I fancy that straightaway
the clouds of dust
thrown up by the galloping horses
stick to their large round breasts
and serve to cover them.

Fleeing their cities, his enemies' women
hurry to drink him in from all sides
with side glances as long as a line of lilies,
their lotus-faces resting on stem-like arms
as they twist their necks and say,
with both fear and curiosity:
'So this is the ruler of the Sena dynasty!'

Her wailing shows itself
in the cries of the birds,
she seems to be holding in her heart
an image of her beloved
painted long ago in her house of fun
and, in the guise of the clumps of *durva* grass
appearing in her mansions,
the overgrown city of his enemy,
wears her hair hanging low.*

krīḍā|roṣe su|tanu|caraṇā
hanyamānasya patyuḥ
pratyudgacchat|pulaka|paṭalen'
âpi bādhāṃ dadhānā.
‹bhrāmyasy adrer vana|bhuvi kathaṃ
krūra|darbh'|âṅkurāyām?›
evaṃ|prāyo yad ari|nagarī|
śārikāṇāṃ vilāpaḥ.

3.60 tasmin kāle kva cid api sa ced
vāsarasya tri|bhāgaṃ
rājā śakto gamayati rahaś
cintayann antarāyān,
saṃdeśo me na, pavana, tadā
kiṃ cid āvedanīyaḥ:
kāry'|ôttapte manasi labhate
n' âvakāśaṃ vilāsaḥ.

āsādy' âtaḥ kam api samayaṃ,
saumya, vaktuṃ vivikte
devaṃ nīcair vinaya|caturaḥ
kāminaṃ prakramethāḥ.
apy anyeṣu praṇayibhir abhi-
vyañjitaḥ kārya|bhāgaḥ
siddhiṃ gantuṃ prabhur avasare
kiṃ punaḥ pārthiveṣu?

When a slender-footed lady
hits her husband in playful anger,
and the hair on his body all stands on end,
even this causes her pain.
'How are you to wander in the mountain forests,
with their rough grass shoots?'—
thus goes the lament of the mynah birds
in the cities of his enemies.

If it is the third part of the day 3.60
and that capable king is passing it
in private somewhere,
pondering problems,
in no way, o wind,
are you to pass on my message—
romance finds no room
in a mind troubled by pressing concerns.

So, kind sir, when you get the chance,
approach His Highness in a secluded place
and speak humbly and courteously
to that passionate man.
When the needy reveal to others
what they want done
it can be accomplished,
but how much more easily
if told at the right moment
to rulers of the earth!

‹śrī|khaṇḍ'|âdrer vasati śikhare
ko 'pi gandharva|lokas.
tatr' âsty ekā Kuvalayavatī
nāma māny" âṅganānām.
dūtaṃ tasyāḥ kalaya Malay'|ô-
patyakā|mārutaṃ māṃ,
kāmi|dvandvaṃ ghaṭayati mitho
viprayuktaṃ ya ekaḥ.

jitvā, deva, tvayi sa|rabhasaṃ
dākṣiṇātyān kṣit'|īśān,
pratyāvṛtte Malaya|kaṭakāc
cittam ādāya tasyāḥ
dūraṃ yāte kamitari «vṛthā
vṛttir asy' êti» tasyā
bāṣp'|ôtpīḍā sapadi padavīṃ
saṃrurodh' ēkṣaṇasya.

vinyasy' âgraṃ bhuvi caraṇayoḥ,
kautuk'|ôttambhit'|âkṣī,
tvat|samparka|prakṛti|su|bhagām
unnata|grīvam āśām
utpaśyantī kim api su|tanur
lakṣyate saudha|śṛṅgād
udbhinn'|âśru|sthagitam a|sakṛt
tvat|samīpaṃ yiyāsuḥ.

'A certain community of *gandhárva*s
lives on the peak of Sandal mountain.
Of the ladies among them,
one, known as Kuválayavati,
is particularly noteworthy.
Know me to be her messenger—
the wind from Málaya's foothills,
the one to join together
two separated lovers.

Your Highness,
when you quickly defeated
the southern kings,
and came back
from the valleys of Mount Málaya,
you stole her heart.
With her lover gone far away,
no sooner had she decided
that her eyes were useless
than the flood of her tears
obscured her sight.

Standing on tiptoes,
raising her eyes in anticipation,
craning her neck in the direction
forever beautiful from your passing,
the lovely girl can be seen
looking for something
from the top of a mansion
through a fog of welling tears,
constantly yearning to be by your side.

3.65 yasmin kāle nayana|viṣayaṃ
sāhasiny" âsi nītaḥ
sāraṅg'|âkṣyā, sakala|lalanā|
locan'|ānanda|kārin,
jāne, tasmāt prabhṛti janita|
svānta|saṃtāpa|khedā
sā ramyeṣu kva cid api na viś-
vāsam ek'|ântam eti.

muṣṭi|grāhyaṃ kim api vidhinā
kurvatā madhya|bhāgaṃ,
manye, bālā kusuma|dhanuṣo
nirmitā kārmukāya,
rājann, uccair|viraha|janita|
kṣāma|bhāvaṃ vahantī
jātā sampraty, ahaha, su|tanuḥ
sā ca maurvī lat" êva.

«kīdṛk kāntaḥ? kathaya, tarale,
vartate yas tav' ântar!»
yatnād itthaṃ, su|bhaga, bahuśaḥ
pṛṣṭay" ālī|janena
niḥśvasy' ôccaiḥ katham api tayā
stambhit'|âśru|pravāhā
nyastā dṛṣṭir likhita|madane
bhitti|bhāge gṛhasya.

O bringer of bliss to the eyes of all women! 3.65
I know that from the moment
the impetuous doe-eyed girl saw you,
anguish and pain were born in her heart
and now she takes not the slightest interest
in even beautiful things.

It seems that when the creator
was making things whose middles
were to be grasped in a fist,
that girl was made
for the bow of the god of love.
Alas, o king!
Wasted by her terrible separation,
the slender girl has now become
as skinny as a *maurvi* creeper.

"What's he like,
the lover living in your heart?
Tell us, you giddy girl!"
When her friends, o handsome one,
thus eagerly question her
over and over again,
she gives a long sigh and,
somehow stemming the flow of her tears,
casts her gaze toward
part of the wall of the house
on which there is a picture
of the god of love.

dhatte sadyas tvad|upagamita|
prema|lekha|bhramaṃ sā
tālī|patre priya|saha|carī|
karṇa|pāśa|cyute 'pi.
kiṃ ca, krīḍā|śukam api muhuḥ
pṛcchati tvat|pravṛttiṃ.
gāḍ'|ôdbhūtaḥ kva khalu gaṇayaty
anvayaṃ tv arthi|bhāvaḥ!

n' ôttaṃsatvaṃ dṛśam api nayaty
utpale baddha|kopā,
mālyaiḥ klāntā na bhuja|latikām
apy asau saṃvṛṇoti,
padm'|ôdvigṇā hṛdaya|nihitāt
tāpa|sampatti|hetor
ālī|hastād api ca sahasā
mīliṭ'|âkṣī bibheti.

3.70 abhyasyantī sarasa|kusuma|
svas|taroḥ prānta|suptā
śuṣyat|paṅka|prakara|sapharī|
sambhram'|ôdvartitāni,
dhārā|bāṣpaṃ nayana|nalinī|
nālatāṃ c' ānayantī,
manye, bālā gamayati punaḥ
sā kathaṃ cid dināni.

She even mistakes
a palm-leaf ornament
fallen from the ear
of one of her dear friends
for a love letter
suddenly arrived from you.
What's more,
she keeps asking her pet parrot
for news of you.
When did a deep sense of longing
ever pay heed to logic!

Angry at the lily,
she won't even look at wreaths;
weary of garlands,
she doesn't cover even her creeper-like arms;
upset by the lotus,*
she is scared of even a friend's hand
pityingly placed on her overheated heart
and quickly closes her eyes.

Thrashing about 3.70
like a minnow in a mass of drying mud
while she sleeps beneath
a beautifully blossoming tree of heaven
and turning the trickle of her tears
into the stem of her lotus-eye,
it seems that somehow
the girl still gets through the days.

antas|tāpaṃ tuhina|payasām
apy anucchidyam āpya
tvatto bālā malaya|ja|rajaḥ|
srotasām apy a|sādhyam,
dhatte nindāṃ kusuma|viśikhe:
'tyanta|sā|dṛśya|mūḍhā
su|sth" âpi syāt, kim uta viraha|
vyākulā vibhramiṇyaḥ!

dveṣaḥ krīḍā|vipina|vasatau,
candan'|âmbho|niṣedhaḥ,
pratyākhyānaṃ sa|rasa|nalinī|
tāla|vṛnt'|ânilasya:
jātas tasyāṃ katham api sakhī|
buddhi|jas tvad|viyoge
mūrch"|āvega|vyapagama|vidher
eṣa eva prakāraḥ.

dhatte dveṣam śaśini, kurute
na grahaṃ keśa|haste,
dūre hāraṃ kṣipati, ramate
nindayā candanasya;
vaktuṃ deva tvayi param asau
svām avasthāṃ kathaṃ cid
gāḍh'|ôdvegā nayati kavitā|
cintayā vāsarāṇi.

She is burning up inside
because of you
and cannot be cooled
even by melted snow
nor cured
even by streams of sandal paste.
She pours scorn on the god of love:
even a happy girl would be confused
by your excessive likeness to him—
how much more so lovesick ladies!

At her friends' suggestion,
she has managed to develop
a dislike of staying in the forest of fun,
an objection to sandal water
and an aversion to being fanned by wet lotus leaves
as the only way to ward off
attacks of fainting*
during her separation from you.

She hates the moon,
doesn't dress her hair,
casts aside her necklace
and loves to censure sandal.
What's more, Your Highness,
worrying how to compose verses
to tell you of her condition,
she struggles through the days in deep distress.

ādau yāto nayana|padavīṃ
stambhayan pakṣma|mālāṃ,
cumban gaṇḍa|sthala|bhuvam atho
pīta|bimb'|âdhar'|ōṣṭhaḥ,
kurvan kaṇṭha|graham api kuc'|ôt-
saṅga|śayyā|śayānas:
tasyā bāṣpaḥ kim iva na khalu
tvad|viyoge karoti?

3.75 sāraṅg'|âkṣyā janayati na yad
bhasmasād aṅgakāni
tvad|viśleṣe smara|huta|vahaḥ
śvāsa|saṃdhukṣito 'pi,
jāne, tasyāḥ sa khalu nayana|
droṇi|vārāṃ prabhāvo,
yad vā śaśvan, nṛ|pa, tava mano|
vartinaḥ śītalasya.

On first reaching her eyes
they still their garlands of lashes;
they kiss her cheeks
before supping on
her cherry of a lower lip;
clasping her neck
they come to rest
cradled in her bosom.
In separation from you,
there is indeed little
that her tears won't do.

While the doe-eyed girl is 3.75
separated from you,
the fire of love,
though fanned by her sighs,
fails to consume her body.
I think it must be because of
the buckets of water
from her eyes,
or, o king, because you,
who are always in her mind,
are cool.

śānta|prāye rajani|samaye
kiṃ cid āmīlit'|âkṣī
prāpya svapne katham api puras
tvām ati|prauḍha|rāgā,
śliṣyantī svāṃ tanum anu|padaṃ
viprabuddh" âtha bālā
lajjā|lolaṃ valayati mukhaṃ
sā sakhīnāṃ mukheṣu.

candrād ramyām upavana|bhuvaṃ
dūrato dveṣṭi bālā.
n' ālāpaṃ ca kva cana kurute
s'|ârdham ālī|janena.
rakṣā|hetoḥ Smara|viśikhataḥ
kevalaṃ sā varākī
dhatte līlā|phalakam urasi
tvat|praticchanda|śobhi.

vinyasyantī śaśini nayane
dur|dinair aśru|vārāṃ,
dhārā|śvāsair bakula|kusum'|ā-
modam āghrātu|kāmā,
śuśrūṣaś ca bhramara|virutaṃ
mūrchayā rakṣit" âsau.
vīkṣy' âvasthāṃ ka iva karuṇā|
kātaraḥ syān na tasyāḥ?

When nighttime is all but over,
her eyes half-shut,
her passion full-blown,
in a dream
the girl somehow summons you
and embraces her own body,
before awakening
and quickly turning
her blushing face
toward the faces of her friends.

The park is more beautiful than the moon,
but she spurns it from afar
and never chats with her friends.
To protect herself
from the arrow of the god of love,
the poor thing just holds to her chest
a picture board
emblazoned with an image of you.

When turning her eyes to the moon she is saved
by torrents of tears,
when wanting to smell the scent of the *bákula* flower,
by deep sighs,
and when keen to hear the buzzing of the bees,*
by fainting.
On seeing her condition, who could not be cowed by
compassion?

ceto|vṛttiḥ sphurati karuṇā
viprayoge virāgaḥ,
kop'|āveśaḥ kusuma|viśikhe,
nityam ātmany avajñā:
itthaṃ sv'|âṅke sthitam iva samā-
lambya citrā varākī
tvayy ek'|ânta|sthira|viracitaṃ
bhāvam āviṣ|karoti.

3.80 prāg ālāpāḥ prati|muhur api
prema|ramyāḥ sakhīnāṃ,
tvayy ek'|ânta|vyapagata|daye
saṃgam'|āś" âpi n' âiva
tasyāś cintāṃ viraha|janitāṃ,
nātha, vismārayantī:
mūrch" âiv' âikā bhavati satataṃ
jīvit'|ālambanāya.

tasyā, rājann, anubhavam an|ā-
sādya hast'|âvarodhād,
gaṇḍ'|ābhoge nayana|salila|
srotasā kṣālito 'pi
pratyāsannaḥ stana|parisare
cetasā tvāṃ vahantyāḥ
prāley'|âṃśur nṛ|pati|kakuda|
cchatra|bhaṅgīṃ bibharti.

The mind is miserable in separation,
manifesting apathy,
fits of rage toward the god of love
and constant self-hatred.
Thus, as if she had taken it
and put it in her lap,
the wonderful, wretched girl
shows her love for you,
conceived and confirmed in solitude.

Not even the incessant chatter of her friends, 3.80
which was dearer to her than love,
and certainly not the hope of union with you,
who are totally pitiless,
but, lord, only fainting,
by making her forget the anxiety born of her separation,
keeps her alive.

Blocked by her hand, o king,
and failing to touch her
on the curve of her cheek,
the moonlight is deluged
by her torrent of tears*
and reaches her bosom—
where she holds you in her heart—
looking like a royal parasol.

yātaḥ kṛcchrāt tuhina|samayaḥ;
samprati tvat|sakāśād
āgacchantīṃ pavana|laharīm
apy an|āsādayantyāḥ
kaḥ saṃnaddhe para|bhṛta|vadhū|
keli|vācāla|lole
caitre tasyāḥ kathaya, su|bhaga,
prāṇa|rakṣ”|âbhyupāyaḥ?

bhūyo bhūyaḥ praviśati mano
dāruṇe manmath’|âgnau,
magnaṃ bāṣp’|âmbhasi nayanayor
dvandvam indīvar’|âkṣyāḥ;
tasyā, rājann, a|tanu|viraha|
vyākulāyās tapasvī
jāto bhasma|cchurita iva sa
kṣāma|pāṇḍuḥ kapolaḥ.

rājann! urvī|valaya|vanitā|
kāmuka! tvat|sakāśād
āśā|tantur bhavatu su|dṛśo
dur|labhaḥ prema|tantuḥ.
kaṣṭāt kaṣṭaṃ! punar idam aho
svapna|saṃketa|dūtī,
nidr” âpy asyāḥ kṣaṇam api na yan
netra|sīmānam eti.

She has struggled through the cool season;
now that spring,
fickle and noisy with the play of lady cuckoos,
has girded its loins
and she cannot get even a whiff of a wind
coming from you,
pray tell, dear sir,
how her life might be saved.

Over and over again
the mind of the lotus-eyed girl
enters the awful fire of love
and her eyes are immersed
in the water of her tears.
She is distraught by this great separation
and her cheeks, o king,
drawn and pale,
have come to resemble
an ash-smeared ascetic.*

O king,
o lover of women around the world,
that beautiful girl may hang on the thread
of the unlikely hope of winning your love,
but, alas, there is worse still:
the arranger of assignations in dreams—sleep—
does not reach her eyelids
for even an instant.

3.85 pratyāvṛttāḥ stana|parisarāc
candana|sphīta|mūrteḥ
śvāsā eva smara|huta|vah'|ôd-
dīpan'|âika|pragalbhāḥ
tām utkaṇṭh"|ākulita|hṛdayāṃ
khedayanti prakāmaṃ.
samprāpyante Malaya|pavanair
evam ev' â|yaśāṃsi!

tvad|vaktr'|ânusmaraṇa|rasikā
kātarā ca prakāmaṃ
jyotsnā|sekair dvi|ja|patim adhi-
kṣepa|pātraṃ karoti.
kiṃ ca, dveṣṭi tri|daśa|bhiṣajau,
sundara, tvāṃ vicintya:
prāyeṇ' âivaṃ bhavati vidhur" ā-
sanna|mṛtyor manīṣā.

sā vairasyād a|sita|nayanā
hema|tālī|dalānāṃ
pratyākhyānāt prakṛti|su|bhagaṃ
karṇa|pāśaṃ bibharti.
tad|gātrāṇāṃ kim api sahasā
dur|balatvaṃ vicintya,
tyaktaṃ trāsād guṇam iva mano|
janmanā kārmukasya.

Sighs are singularly skilled 3.85
at kindling the fire of passion,
and when they return
from the bosom of her
sandal-covered body
they greatly torment that girl,
her heart overcome by longing.
The breezes from Mount Málaya
are disgraced in the very same way!*

She loves to recall your face
and, when deeply disheartened
by the rays of the moon,
she makes it the object of her contempt.*
What's more, o handsome one,
when she thinks of you
she feels hatred for the two divine doctors:
the thoughts of those nearing death
tend thus to become desperate.

Out of distaste the dark-eyed girl
refuses to wear her golden ear jewelry,
and sports an ear beautiful in its natural state.
It's as if, on realizing just how thin she is,
the god of love became anxious
and suddenly released his bowstring.*

apy ā|janma|prabhṛti|su|hṛdaś
candanasy' âparādhād
adhyāste sā na khalu Malay'|ô-
patyakā|kānanāni.
kiṃ ca, dveṣād upari Madanasy'
êva sarv'|âṅga|tanvī
baddh'|āveśā manasi Rataye
n' âvakāśaṃ dadāti.

līl'|ôdyāne vitarati dṛśaṃ
yatna|saṃruddha|bāṣpā;
sāndre candr'|ârciṣi niviśate
candan'|âbhyakta|gātrī;
krīḍā|vāpīṃ marud|abhimukhaṃ
dhāvati vyākul" âsau;
kiṃ vā nāryaḥ ramaṇa|virahe
sāhasaṃ n' ācaranti?

3.90 yātāḥ kaṇṭha|sthalam api ghana|
śvāsa|mātr'|âvaśeṣās,
tām utkaṇṭhā|pratanum asavaḥ
sarvathā na tyajanti.
labdhvā kaṇṭha|praṇayam atha vā
tādṛśām aṅganānāṃ,
śaktas tyāge ka iva bhuvane
cetasā vicyuto 'pi?

And, because of the sins of sandal,
her childhood friend,
she does not visit
Mount Málaya's forested foothills.
What's more, the willowy girl,
possessed by hatred for the god of love,
makes no room in her mind
for joy, his wife.

Forcing back her tears,
she casts her gaze around
the pleasure garden
and sits down in the bright moonlight,
her body smeared with sandal.
Flustered, she faces the breeze
and rushes off to the play-pool.*
When separated from their sweethearts,
what impulsive deeds won't women do?

She is emaciated by longing 3.90
and her life-breath has become
nothing but gasps,
but, despite reaching her throat,
it does not completely leave her.
Indeed, who in the world,
having won the embrace
of a woman like her,
could give it up,
even if cast off by her in her mind?

kṣīṇas tāpo vapuṣi, vigatā
netrayor aśru|dhārā,
viśrāntāni krama|kṛśa|tanor
aṅga|vikṣepaṇāni:
ittham śānte viraha|janite
vyādhi|rāge mṛg'|âkṣyāḥ
śvāsas tasyāḥ param upacito
nirvṛter antarāyaḥ.

līl'|ôdyāne para|bhṛta|vadhū|
pañcamaiḥ pīḍyamānā,
tāmyan|mūrtir Malaya|marutā
keli|vāt'|āyaneṣu,
sā n' âikatra kva cid api padaṃ
kātar'|âkṣī vidhatte.
yat satyaṃ: na tri|bhuvanam api
prītaye duḥkhitānām.

sā sarvatr' â|pratihata|gatir
vidyayā saty api, tvāṃ
pratyākhyānāt, su|bhaga, sahasā
bibhyatī n' âbhyupaiti.
rājāno hi prakṛti|rasavac|
cetaso 'py anya|nārīṃ
rūḍha|prema|prabala|vanitā|
bhīravo no lasanti.

The fever in her body has disappeared,
the flood of tears from her eyes has stopped
and the movements of her body,
as it grows ever thinner,
have come to rest.
The doe-eyed girl's intense distress,
born of separation,
has thus abated
and now her heavy breaths
come between her and eternal rest.

Tormented in the pleasure garden
by the singing of the lady cuckoos
and choking on the wind from Mount Málaya
entering the windows of the house of fun,
the girl with the darting eyes
won't set foot anywhere.
The truth is, not even the three worlds
can console the grief-stricken.

Thanks to her magical power,
she is free to go anywhere,
but, scared of being spurned,
she still does not hurry to you,
o handsome one.
For though their hearts are passionate by nature,
kings fear the forceful wives that love them
and do not sport with other women.

tasyās tīvra|smara|huta|bhujā
dahyamān'|âṅga|yaṣṭer
nyastaṃ sadyaḥ stana|parisare
candanam śoṣam eti.
uktaiḥ kiṃ vā bahubhir! a|pad'|ā-
ropita|sv'|ânta|vṛttes
tvayy āyattaḥ kuvalaya|dṛśo
jīva|rakṣā|prakāraḥ.›

3.95 ity ākhyāte pulakita|tanur
medinī|puṣpa|ketuḥ
pratyutthāya praṇaya|su|bhagaṃ
gāḍham āśliṣyati tvām.
vākyair ebhiḥ karuṇa|masṛṇaiḥ
komalatvaṃ bhajante
grāvāṇo 'pi. prakṛti|sarasaḥ
kiṃ punas tādṛśo yaḥ?

sadyaḥ kṛtvā, pavana, vinayād
añjaliṃ mūrdhni kiṃ cid,
vaktavyo 'sau rahasi bhavatā
mad|girā Gauḍa|rājaḥ.
tvattaḥ śroṣyaty avahita|manāḥ
so, 'nurakt'|âṅganānāṃ
jāyante hi praṇayini su|dhā|
vīcayo vācikāni.

Her slender body is being consumed
by the fierce fire of passion—
sandal applied to her bosom
dries instantly.
But I have said enough!
The heart of the lotus-eyed girl
is set on somewhere unsuitable
and the means of saving her life
is in your hands.'

On hearing this, that earthly god of love 3.95
will be thrilled and get up and hold you
in an affectionate, close embrace.
These gentle and compassionate words
would soften even stones—
how much more so someone
tender by nature like him!

Immediately afterward, o wind,
you must join your palms,
humbly raise them a little to your forehead,
and then, in private, tell the king of Gauda
what I have to say.
He will listen to you intently,
for words from enamored women
are waves of ambrosia to a romantic man.

‹pārśve paścād api ca purato
darśayann ātma|rūpaṃ,
vyaktaṃ, deva, tvam asi jagatām
īśvaraḥ Śārṅga|pāṇiḥ.
tan māṃ bhakti|pravaṇa|manasaṃ
n' ânugṛhṇāsi kasmāt?
kāya|vyūhaṃ racayitum alaṃ
n' âparaḥ Kaiṭabh'|âreḥ.

saudh'|ôtsaṅge mukulita|dṛśaṃ
tat sakhīnāṃ purastān
māṃ āsādya tvam ayam akṛthā
gocare yan na vācām.
tat kurvīthāḥ, su|bhaga, na satāṃ
garhaṇīyā yathā syāṃ:
kanyāṃ loke na khalu su|dhiyo
dūṣayitvā tyajanti.

vṛtte Gaurī|pariṇaya|vidhau
pīvara|prīti|bhājā
sṛṣṭasy' êva tri|pura|jayinā
puṣpa|ketor navasya.
rājann, astu praṇaya|caturo
dūrataḥ prema|bandhaḥ,
puṇyena syāṃ tava caraṇayoḥ
kena saṃvāhane 'pi?

'Your Highness,
you show your beauty in every direction:
it is clear that you are
the lord of the universe,
the wielder of the bow.
My mind is intent on devotion,
so why do you not show me grace?
No one can make his body appear everywhere,
other than Vishnu.*

What you did then
on the roof of the house
in front of my friends
when you came across me,
my eyes half-closed,
cannot be put into words.
So, handsome,
you must do something
to stop me from being
reviled by the good.
Decent men
don't usually abandon a girl
after defiling her.

It seems that during Párvati's wedding celebrations,
the overjoyed conqueror of the three cities, Shiva,
created in you a new god of love.
Sire, an agreeably romantic relationship may be far off,
but through what merit might I massage your feet?

3.100 saṃdeśo 'yaṃ manasi nihitaḥ
kac cid āyuṣmatā me.
kiṃ vā bhūyas tvayi viracitair
aṅga bhikṣā|prakāraiḥ?
pār'|ârthy'|aika|pravaṇa|manasas
tvad|vidhā bāṣpa|miśrān
āpannānāṃ na khalu bahuśaḥ
kāku|vādān sahante.› »

danti|vyūhaṃ, kanaka|latikāṃ,
cāmaraṃ haima|daṇḍaṃ
yo Gauḍ'|êndrād alabhata kavi|
kṣmā|bhṛtāṃ cakravartī,
śrī|Dhoyīkaḥ sakala|rasika|
prīti|hetor manasvī
kāvyaṃ sārasvatam iva mahā|
mantram etaj jagāda.

goṣṭhī|bandhaḥ sakala|kavibhir,
vāci Vaidarbha|rītir
vāso Gaṅgā|parisara|bhuvi,
snigdha|bhogyā vibhūtiḥ,
satsu snehaḥ, sadasi kavit"|ā-
cāryakaṃ bhū|bhujāṃ me,
bhaktir Lakṣmī|pati|caraṇayor
astu janm'|ântare 'pi!

I hope Your Highness 3.100
has taken my message to heart.
But why bother composing
all these pleas to you:
people like you
who are dedicated
to helping others
cannot bear even the constant sobbing,
mixed with tears,
of those in distress.'"

The wise and glorious Dhoyi,
emperor among poet-kings,
who received from the King of Gauda
an array of elephants,
a golden staff
and a fly-whisk with a golden handle,
has proclaimed this poem,
which is like a sacred spell of Sarásvati,
for the pleasure of all aesthetes.*

May I have the company of every poet,
the Vidárbhan style of speech,
a home near Ganga,
wealth for the enjoyment of my friends,
love for good people,
professorship of poetry in the assemblies of kings
and devotion to the feet of Lakshmi's lord
in my next life, too.

yāvad Śambhur vahati giri|jā|
saṃvibhaktam śarīraṃ,
yāvaj jaitraṃ kalayati dhanuḥ
kausumaṃ puṣpa|ketuḥ,
yāvad Rādhā|ramaṇa|taruṇī|
keli|sākṣī kadambas:
tāvaj jīyāt kavi|nara|pater
eṣa vācāṃ vilāsaḥ.

kīrtir labdhā sadasi viduṣām
śītala|kṣoṇi|pālā,
vāk|saṃdarbhāḥ kati cid amṛta|
syandino nirmitāś ca.
tīre sampraty amara|saritaḥ
kv' âpi śail'|ôpakaṇṭhe
brahm'|âbhyāse prayata|manasā
netum īhe dināni.

iti śrī|Dhoyī|kavi|rāja|viracitaṃ
Pavana|dūt'|ākhyaṃ kāvyaṃ
samāptam.

May this play of words
from the king of poets
survive as long as Shiva
shares his body with Párvati,
as long as the god of love
carries his conquering flower-bow,
as long as the *kadámba* tree
bears witness to Krishna's frolics with his girlfriends.

I have achieved glory in the academy
and created many ambrosial compositions
that have given pleasure to kings.
Now I want to pass my days on some mountain
by the banks of the river of the immortals,
my mind intent on sacred rites.

The poem called the Wind Messenger,
composed by Dhoyi, the glorious king of the poets,
is thus complete.

RUPA GO·SVAMIN
THE SWAN MESSENGER

4.1 DUKŪLAṂ BIBHRĀṆO
dalita|haritāla|dyuti|haraṃ,
javā|puṣpa|śreṇī|
ruci|rucira|pād'|âmbu|ja|talaḥ,
tamāla|śyām'|âṅgo
dara|hasita|līl"|âñcita|mukhaḥ,
par'|ānand'|ābhogaḥ
sphuratu hṛdi me ko 'pi puruṣaḥ!

yadā yāto gopī|
hṛdaya|madano Nanda|sadanān
Mukundo Gāndinyās
tanayam anuvindan Madhu|purīm,
tad" âmāṅkṣīc cintā|
sariti *ghana|ghūrṇā|paricayair*
a|gādhāyāṃ vādhā|
maya|payasi Rādhā virahiṇī.

kadā cit khed'|âgniṃ
vighaṭayitum antargatam asau
sah' ālībhir lebhe
taralita|manā Yāmuna|taṭīm.
cirād asyāś cittaṃ
paricita|kuṭīr'|âvakalanād
avasthā tastāra
sphuṭam atha suṣupteḥ priya|sakhī.

4.1

Wearing a gossamer shawl
that outshines crushed orpiment,
the soles of his lotus-feet
as beautiful as a bouquet of China roses,
his body as dark as a *tamála* tree,
his face adorned by a playful half-smile,
encompassing ultimate bliss,
may a certain person shine forth in my heart!

When Mukúnda, the god of love
in the hearts of the shepherd girls,
went from Nanda's house to Máthura
following the son of Gándini,
into the river of despair,
its painful waters made unfathomable
by *her increasingly intense agitation : massed clouds and whirlpools*,
plunged the lovesick Radha.

One day, her mind restless,
she went with her friends
to Yámuna's banks
to quench the fire of pain within.
On seeing after so long
the hut she knew so well,
her dear friend, deep sleep,
spread out across her mind.

tadā niṣpand'|âṅgī
kalita|nalinī|pallava|kulaiḥ,
pariṇāhāt premṇām
a|kuśala|śat'|āśaṅki|hṛdayaiḥ,
dṛg|ambho|gambhīrī|
kṛta|mihira|putrī|laharibhir
vilīnā dhūlīnām
upari parivavre parijanaiḥ.

4.5 tatas tāṃ nyast'|âṅgīm
urasi Lalitāyāḥ, kamalinī|
palāśaiḥ Kālindī|
salila|śiśirair vījita|tanum,
parāvṛtta|śvās'|âṅ-
kura|calita|kanṭhīṃ kalayatāṃ
sakhī|sandohānāṃ
pramada|bhara|śālī dhvanir abhūt.

nidhāy' âṅke paṅke|
ruha|dala|viṭaṅkasya Lalitā
tato Rādhāṃ nīr'|ā-
haraṇa|saraṇau nyasta|caraṇā,
milantaṃ Kālindī|
pulina|bhuvi khel'|âñcita|gatiṃ
dadarś' âgre kaṃ cin
madhura|virutaṃ śveta|garutam.

Then, her body lifeless,
she melted onto the dust.
Her companions,
hearts fearful of
a hundred calamities,
crowded around her
forming a forest of lotus stems,
encircling her with affection
and deepening the swell
of the daughter of the sun*
with their tears.

Then her body was placed 4.5
on Lálita's bosom
and fanned with lotus leaves
cooled by Yámuna's water.
A germ of breath returned
and made her throat move,
on seeing which
all her friends
gave a joyful cry.

Then Lálita put Radha
on a bed of heaped lotus leaves
and took a step along the path
to collect water,
when she saw ahead,
coming along Yámuna's bank
with playful gait,
singing sweetly,
a swan.

tad|āloka|stok'|ôc-
chvasita|hṛdayā s'|ādaram asau
praṇāmaṃ śaṃsantī
laghu laghu samāsādya sa|vidham,
dhṛt'|ôtkaṇṭhā sadyo
Hari|sadasi saṃdeśa|haraṇe
varaṃ dūtaṃ mene
tam ati|lalitaṃ, hanta, Lalitā.

amarṣāt prem'|ērṣyāṃ
sapadi dadhatī Kaṃsa|mathane
pravṛttā haṃsāya
svam abhilaṣitaṃ śaṃsitum asau.
na tasyā doṣo 'yaṃ
yad iha viha|gaṃ prārthitavatī:
na kasmin viśrambhaṃ
diśati Hari|bhakti|praṇayitā.

«pavitreṣu prāyo
viracayasi toyeṣu vasatiṃ,
pramodaṃ nālīke
vahasi, viśad'|ātmā svayam api:
ato 'haṃ duḥkh'|ārtā
śaraṇam a|balā tvāṃ gatavatī.
na bhikṣā *sat|pakṣe*
vrajati hi kadā cid viphalatām.

When the anxious Lálita saw him
her spirits lifted a little.
Uttering a respectful greeting,
she hurried up to him
and realized straightaway
that he was the best
—and oh! how lovely—
messenger for taking word
to Krishna's house.

Straightaway she petulantly displayed
her jealousy of Krishna's love
and started to tell the swan
of her own longing.
In such circumstances, she is not to blame
for making a request to a bird:
a yearning for the love of Hari
can make one confide in anyone.

"You mostly make your home in holy waters,
you take delight in lotus flowers
and you are spotlessly white by nature,
so, stricken by sorrow and helpless,
I come to you for refuge:
a request to someone *virtuous : with good wings**
is never in vain.

4.10 ciraṃ vismṛty' âsmān
viraha|dahana|jvāla|vikalāḥ,
kalāvān s'|ānandaṃ
vasati Mathurāyāṃ Madhu|ripuḥ.
tad etaṃ saṃdeśaṃ
sva|manasi samādhāya nikhilaṃ,
bhavān kṣipraṃ tasya
śravaṇa|padavīṃ saṅgamayatu!

nirasta|pratyūhaṃ
bhavatu bhavato vartmani śivaṃ!
samuttiṣṭha kṣipraṃ
manasi mudam ādhāya sa|dayam!
adhastād dhāvanto
laghu laghu samuttāna|nayanair
bhavantaṃ vīkṣantāṃ
kutuka|taralā gopa|śiśavaḥ!

kiśor'|ôttaṃso 'sau
kaṭhina|matinā dāna|patinā
yayā ninye tūrṇaṃ
paśu|pa|yuvatī|jīvita|patiḥ,
tayā gantavyā te
nikhila|jagad|eka|prathitayā
padavyā bhavyānāṃ,
tilaka, kila Dāśārha|nagarī.

Crippled by the blazing fire of separation, 4.10
we have been long forgotten by the enemy of Madhu,*
who lives happily in Máthura, perfectly healthy.
So, sir, please learn this entire message by heart
and quickly make it reach his ears.

May your way be free from obstacles and auspicious!
Rise up at once, bearing joy and pity in your heart!
Running swiftly below,
may the cowherds' children,
frantic with curiosity,
lift up their eyes to look at you!

Following the path celebrated
as unique throughout the world,
by which that finest of lads,
the ruler of the lives of the cowherd maidens,
was quickly led by the cruel 'lord of generosity,'*
you must, o foremost among gentlemen,
go to the city of the Dashárhas.

galad|bāṣp'|āsāra|
pluta|dhavala|gaṇḍā mṛga|dṛśo
vidūyante yatra
prabala|Madan'|āveśa|vivaśāḥ,
tvayā vijñātavyā
Hari|caraṇa|saṅga|praṇayino
dhruvaṃ sā, cakr'|âṅgī|
Rati|sakha, śat'|âṅgasya padavī.

piban jambu|śyāmaṃ
mihira|duhitur vāri madhuraṃ,
mṛṇālīr bhuñjāno
hima|kara|kalā|komala|rucaḥ,
kṣaṇaṃ hṛṣṭas tiṣṭhan
niviḍa|viṭape śākhini, sakhe,
sukhena prasthānaṃ
racayatu bhavān Vṛṣṇi|nagare.

4.15 balād ākrandantī
ratha|pathikam Akrūra|militaṃ
vidūrād ābhīrī|
tatir anuyayau yena ramaṇam,
tam ādau panthānaṃ
racaya. carit'|ârthā bhavatu te
virājantī sarv'|ô-
pari *parama*|*haṃsa*|sthitir iyam!

O god of love for lady swans,
you are sure to recognize the roadway
of those who long for the touch of Hari's feet:
along it, their pale cheeks bathed
in a downpour of dripping tears,
are distraught doe-eyed girls,
whom possession by Mádana
has rendered helpless.

Drinking the sweet water,
as dark as a jujube fruit,
of the daughter of the sun,
eating lotus stems
as beautiful and soft
as the new moon,
gladly stopping
for a moment
on a tree with dense branches,
make your way to the city of the Vrishnis*
in comfort, my friend.

At first, go by the path along which 4.15
crowds of cowherd ladies, wailing loudly,
followed their lover at a distance
as he traveled in the chariot with Akrúra.
May your status be confirmed
as a great *saint : swan*, shining forth over all!

akasmād asmākaṃ
Harir apaharann aṃśuka|cayaṃ
yam ārūḍho gūḍha|
praṇaya|laharīḥ kandalayitum,
tava śrāntasy' ântaḥ|
sthagita|ravi|bimbaḥ kiśalayaiḥ
kadambaḥ, kādamba,
tvaritam avalambaḥ sa bhavitā.

kirantī lāvaṇyaṃ
diśi diśi, śikhaṇḍa|stabakinī
dadhānā sādhīyaḥ
kanaka|vimala|dyoti|vasanam,
tamāla|śyām'|âṅgī,
sarala|muralī|cumbita|mukhī
jagau citraṃ yatra
prakaṭa|param'|ānanda|laharī.

tayā bhūyaḥ|krīḍā|
rabhasa|vikasad|ballava|vadhū|
vapur|vallī|bhraśyan|
mṛga|mada|kaṇa|śyāmalikayā
vidhātavyo hallī-
saka|dalita|mallī|latikayā
samantād ullāsas
tava manasi rāsa|sthalikayā.

Before long, o swan,
your perch when you are tired
will be that *kadámba* tree,
its interior hidden by leaves
from the disk of the sun,
which, to make our secret love
flow forth in waves,
Krishna climbed
after suddenly snatching all our clothes.

Beaming loveliness in every direction,
crowned with peacock feathers,
wearing a gorgeous robe
with the spotless brilliance of gold,
his body as dark as a *tamála* tree,
his mouth kissing a flute held level,
the wave of ultimate bliss made manifest
sang a wonderful song upon it.

Dark with the drops of musk
dripping from the tendril-like bodies
of cowherd ladies
bursting with excitement
from their exuberant play,
its jasmine creepers
crushed in the circle dance,
utter joy is sure to be produced in your mind
by the place of the *rasa* dance.

tad|ante vāsantī|
viracitam anaṅg'|ôtsava|kalā|
catuḥ|śālam Śaureḥ
sphurati. na dṛśau tatra vikireḥ!
tad|ālok'|ôdbheda|
pramada|bhara|vismārita|gati|
kriye jāte tāvat
tvayi, vata, hatā gopa|vanitā.

4.20 mama syād arthānāṃ
kṣatir iha vilambād yad api te,
vilokethāḥ sarvaṃ
tad api Hari|keli|sthalam idam,
tav' êyaṃ na vyarthā
bhavatu śucitā. kaḥ sa hi, sakhe,
guṇo yaś Cāṇūra|
dviṣi mati|niveśāya na bhavet?

sakṛd|vaṃśī|nāda|
śravaṇa|milit'|ābhīra|vanitā|
rahaḥ|krīḍā|sākṣī,
pratipada|latā|sadma|su|bhagaḥ
sa dhenūnāṃ bandhūr
Madhu|mathana|khaṭṭāyita|śilaḥ,
kariṣyaty ānandaṃ
sapadi tava Govardhana|giriḥ.

Nearby stands Krishna's love pavilion,
fashioned from *mádhavi* creepers.
You must not cast your eyes upon it—
the excessive joy that bursts forth on seeing it
will make you forget
that you have a journey to make
and, alas, the cowherd women will die!

But, even though your lingering there 4.20
might thwart my aims,
you should look all around
that place where Hari sported
lest this purity of yours
go to waste, my friend,
for what is a virtue if it does not lead
to the mind's entry into Krishna?

Witness to the secret love-play
of cowherd ladies gathered
on hearing a single strain of the flute,
delightfully covered in huts made of creepers,
friend to the cows,
its rocks made his bed by Krishna,
Mount Go·várdhana will instantly make you happy.

tam ev' âdriṃ cakr'|âṅ-
kita|kara|pariṣvaṅga|rasikaṃ
mahī|cakre śaṅke-
mahi śikhariṇām śekharatayā.
a|rātiṃ jñātīnām
Harihayaṃ yaḥ pari|bhavan
yath"|ârthaṃ svaṃ nāma
vyadhita bhuvi ‹go|vardhana iti.›

tamālasy' ālokād
giri|parisare santi capalāḥ
pulindyo Govinda|
smaraṇa|rabhas'|ôttapta|vapuṣaḥ.
śanais tāpaṃ tāsāṃ
kṣaṇam apanayan yāsyati bhavān
avaśyam Kālindī|
salila|śiśiraiḥ pakṣa|pavanaiḥ.

tad|ante Śrī|kānta|
smara|samara|ghāṭī|pulakitā
kadambānāṃ vāṭī
rasika|paripāṭīṃ sphuṭayati.
tvam āsīnas tasyāṃ
na yadi parito nandasi, tato
babhūva vyarthā te
ghana|rasa|niveśa|vyasanitā.

We believe that mountain,
which delights in the touch
of the hand marked with the discus,
to be the best of all peaks in the world.
Conquering Indra, the enemy of his kin,
he made his name, 'the increaser of cows,'
appropriate on earth.

When they see the *tamála* tree,
the bodies of the skittish tribal ladies
around the mountain overheat
with the ardor of their remembrance of Govínda.
On your way, you must, for a moment,
gently remove their fever
with the breeze from your wings,
cooled by Yámuna's waters.

Nearby is a grove of *kadámba* trees
which, thrilled at the aggressive love-play of Krishna,
is showing the progression of the stages of being a lover.
If, on perching there, you are not overjoyed,
your fondness for *indulging in deep emotions : plunging into deep water*
will have been in vain.

4.25 śaran|megha|śreṇī|
prati|bhaṭam Ariṣṭ'|âsura|śiraś
ciraṃ śuṣkaṃ Vṛndā-
vana|parisare drakṣyati bhavān,
yad āroḍhuṃ dūrān
milati kila Kailāsa|śikhari|
bhram'|ākrānta|svānto
Giriśa|su|hṛdaḥ kiṅ|kara|gaṇaḥ.

ruvan yāhi svairaṃ:
carama|daśayā cumbita|ruco
nitambinyo Vṛndā-
vana|bhuvi, sakhe, santi bahavaḥ.
parāvartiṣyante
tulita|Mura|jin|nūpura|ravāt
tava dhvānāt tāsāṃ,
bahir api gatāḥ, kṣipram asavaḥ.

tvam āsīnaḥ śākh'|ân-
tara|milita|caṇḍa|tviṣi sukhaṃ
dadhīthā Bhāṇḍīre
kṣaṇam api ghana|śyāmala|rucau,
tato haṃsaṃ bibhran
nikhila|nabhasaś cakramiṣayā
sa vardhiṣṇuṃ Viṣṇuṃ
kalita|dara|cakraṃ tulayitā.

Looking like a mass of autumn clouds, 4.25
you will see the skull of the demon Aríshta,
long since dried up,
on the outskirts of Vrinda·vana.
Indeed, a band of Kubéra's attendants*
has come from afar to climb it,
under the mistaken impression
that it is Mount Kailása.

Call freely as you go, friend:
there are lots of broad-hipped ladies
in the region of Vrinda·vana
whose beauty has been kissed
by a condition approaching death.
At your call,
which is like the sound of Krishna's anklets,
their life-breaths, though departed,
will quickly return.

Perched for just a moment
on cloud-dark Bhandíra,*
the fearsome sun
filtering through his branches,
you will be happy,
and he, bearing a swan,
will look like Vishnu,
conch and discus in hand,
growing larger in his desire
to traverse the entire sky.

tvam aṣṭābhir netrair
vigalad|a|mala|prema|salilair
muhuḥ sikta|stambhāṃ,
catura, catur|āsya|stuti|bhuvam
jihīthā vikhyātāṃ.
sphuṭam iha bhavad|bāndhava|rathaṃ
praviṣṭaṃ maṃsyante
vidhim aṭavi|devyas tvayi gate.

udañcan|netr'|âmbhaḥ|
prasara|laharī|picchila|patha|
skhalat|pāda|nyāsa|
praṇihita|vilamb'|ākula|dhiyaḥ
Harau yasmin magne
tvarita|Yamunā|kūla|gamana|
spṛh"|ākṣiptā gopyo
yayur anupadaṃ kām api daśām
muhur|lāsya|krīḍā|
pramada|milad|āhopuruṣikā|
vikāśena bhraṣṭaiḥ
phaṇi|maṇi|kulair dhūmala|rucau,
puras tasmin nīpa|
druma|kusuma|kiñjalka|surabhau
tvayā puṇye peyaṃ
madhuram udakam Kāliya|hrade.

Its pillars wet with the tears of pure affection
dripping steadily from his eight eyes,
you should, o clever one, visit the famous pavilion
where four-faced Brahma sings songs of praise.
When you leave, the goddesses of the forest
will think that the creator,
whose chariot is your kinsman,
must have entered within.

When Hari dived into Káliya's pool,
the cowherd girls were seized by the urge
to rush to Yámuna's banks.
Waves of tears welling up and flooding forth
made the path slippery,
and when they lost their footing
the delay made them distraught;
with every step their condition
went further beyond words.
The sacred pool has a purple hue 4.30
from the many jewels
that fell from Káliya's hooded heads
while Krishna, showing his joy and heroism,
playfully danced on them over and over again,
and it is fragrant with the filaments of
flowers from *kadámba* trees.
You must drink its sweet water first of all.

Tṛṇāvart'|â|rāter
viraha|dava|saṃtāpita|tanoḥ,
sad" ābhīrī|vṛnda|
praṇaya|bahu|mān'|ônnati|vidaḥ
praṇetavyo navya|
stabaka|bhara|saṃvardhita|śucas
tvayā Vṛndā|devyāḥ
parama|vinayād vandana|vidhiḥ.

iti krāntvā kekā|
kṛta|virutam ekādaśa|vanīṃ
ghanī|bhūtaṃ cūtair,
vraja Madhu|vanaṃ dvādaśam idam,
purī yasminn āste
Yadu|kula|bhuvāṃ nirmala|yaśo|
bharāṇāṃ dhārābhir
dhavalita|dharitrī|parisarā.

niketair ākīrṇā
Giriśa|giri|ḍimbha|prati|bhaṭair
avaṣṭambha|stambh'|ā-
vali|vilasitaiḥ puṣpita|vanā
niviṣṭā Kālindī|
taṭa|bhuvi tav' ādhāsyati, sakhe,
samantād ānandaṃ
madhura|jala|vṛndā Madhu|purī.

The body of the goddess Vrinda*
is consumed by the forest fire
of separation from Trinavártta's foe.
She is ever aware of the *gopi*s'
growing resentment of their yearning
and her grief is increased
by her abundant fresh blossoms.
You must pay your respects to her
with the utmost courtesy.

After thus crossing eleven forests
to the resounding cries of peacocks,
go to the twelfth, Madhu·vana,
thick with mango trees.
Within it is the capital
of the country of the Yadus,
which bathes the edges of the earth
in copious streams of taintless fame.

Packed with houses
resembling Kailása's offspring
as they sparkle
with their rows of golden pillars,
its gardens full of flowers,
sitting on Yámuna's banks
and abounding in sweet water,
in every way, my friend,
Madhu·puri* will bring you joy.

vṛṣaḥ Śambhor yasyāṃ
daśati navam ekatra yavasaṃ,
Viriñcer anyasmin
gilati kala|haṃso bisa|latām,
kva cit Krauñc'|â|rāteḥ
kavalayati kekī viṣa|dharaṃ,
vilīḍhe śallakyā
Bala|ripu|karī pallavam itaḥ.

4.35 ‹abodhiṣṭhāḥ kāyān
na hi vicalitāṃ pracchada|paṭīṃ?
vimuktām ajñāsīḥ
pathi pathi na mukt'|āvalim api?
ayi, śrī|Govinda|
smaraṇa|madirā|matta|hṛdaye,
sat" îti khyātiṃ te
hasati kulaṭānāṃ kulam idam!›

a|savyaṃ bibhrāṇā
padam a|dhṛta|lākṣā|rasam asau:
‹prayāt" âhaṃ, mugdhe!
virama! mama veśaiḥ kim adhunā?
a|mandād āśaṅke,
sakhi, pura|purandhrī|kalakalād:
alind'|âgre Vṛndā-
vana|kusuma|dhanvā vijayate.›

In one part of the city Shiva's bull eats fresh grass,
in another Brahma's swan devours a lotus,
here Karttikéya's peacock swallows a snake,
there Indra's elephant chews the shoots of a *shállaki* tree.

'Did you not even notice that your shawl 4.35
had fallen from your body?
And did you not realize that your pearl necklace
had scattered along the road?
Oh! Your heart is drunk on the wine
of remembering Govínda!
The harlots here are all ridiculing
your reputation as a respectable lady!'

Sporting a right foot
not daubed in red,
that lady is saying,
'I'm on my way out, you silly girl! Stop it!
There's no point in my dressing up now—
the hubbub from the ladies of the city
tells me, my friend,
that Vrinda·vana's victorious god of love
is in front of the house.'

‹ayaṃ līl”|âpāṅga|
snapita|pura|vīthī|parisaro
nav’|âśok’|ôttaṃsaś
calati puratah Kaṃsa|vijayī.
kim asmān etasmān
maṇi|bhavana|pṛṣṭhād vinudatī
tvam ekā, stabdh’|âkṣi,
sthagayasi gav’|âkṣ’|āvalim api?›

‹muhuḥ śūnyāṃ dṛṣṭiṃ
vahasi, rahasi dhyāyasi paraṃ,
śṛṇoṣi pratyakṣaṃ
na parijana|vijñāpana|śatam.
ataḥ śaṅke, paṅke|
ruha|mukhi, yayau śyāmala|ruciḥ
sa yūnām uttaṃsas
tava nayana|vīthī|pathikatām.›

‹vilajjaṃ mā rodīr
iha, sakhi, punar yāsyati Haris
tav’ âpāṅga|krīḍā|
niviḍa|paricaryā|grahilatām.›
iti svairaṃ yasyāṃ
pathi pathi Murārer abhinava|
praveśe nārīṇāṃ
rati|rabhasa|jalpā vavṛdhire.

'Here he is, the conqueror of Kamsa,
fresh *ashóka* blossoms in his headdress,
roaming the roads around the city,
bathing them in playful side glances.
Why are you shooing us away
from the balcony of this jeweled mansion,
while you, eyes transfixed,
have the row of windows to yourself?'

'You stare vacantly for a while,
then you hide away lost in thought;
your friends call out a hundred times
but you do not hear them.
Thus, lotus-faced lady,
it seems that the dark-hued one,
that crowning glory among young men,
has crossed the path of your eyes.'

'Don't cry so unrestrainedly about this, my friend.
Hari will again take interest in your devotion
brimming with playful side glances.'
On Krishna's first appearance in that city
this was the love-crazed chatter of the ladies
which spread freely through the streets.

4.40 sakhe, sākṣād|Dāmo-
dara|vadana|candr'|âvakalana|
sphurat|prem'|ānanda|
prakara|laharī|cumbita|dhiyaḥ
muhus tatr' ābhīrī|
samudaya|śiro|nyasta|vipadas
tav' âkṣṇor ānandaṃ
vidadhati purā paura|vanitāḥ.

atha krāman krāman
krama|ghaṭanayā saṅkaṭatarān
nivāsān Vṛṣṇīnām
anusara purī|madhya|viśikhān,
Mur'|â|rāter yatra
sthagita|gaganābhir vijayate
patākābhiḥ saṃtarpita|
bhuvanam antaḥ|pura|varam.

yad|utsaṅge tuṅga|
sphaṭika|racitāḥ santi parito
marālā māṇikya|
prakara|ghaṭita|troṭi|caraṇāḥ,
su|hṛd|buddhyā haṃsāḥ
kalita|madhurasy' âmbu|ja|bhuvaḥ
sa|maryādaṃ yeṣāṃ
sapadi paricaryāṃ vidadhati.

Friend, the ladies of that city, 4.40
their minds lapped by waves
of the copious, coruscating ecstasy of love
born of gazing directly
upon Damódara's moon-face,
have heaped misfortune
upon the heads of all the cowherd girls,
and will bring bliss to your eyes.

Then, crossing one by one
the tightly packed houses of the Vrishnis,
follow the roads to the middle of the city,
where, its flags hiding the sky,
the enemy of Mura's fine apartment
stands proud, bringing cheer to the world.*

All around its terrace are flamingos
fashioned from tall crystals,
their beaks and feet made of countless rubies.
When Brahma reached Máthura,
his swans, thinking them their friends,
immediately started to serve them
with due courtesy.

‹cirān mṛgyantīnāṃ
paśu|pa|ramaṇīnām api kulair
a|labdhaṃ Kālindī|
pulina|vipine līnam abhitaḥ,
sadā|lok'|ôllāsi|
smita|paricit'|āsyaṃ, saha|cari,
sphurantaṃ vīkṣiṣye
punar api kim agre Mura|bhidam?›

‹viṣādaṃ mā kārṣīr!
drutam a|vitatha|vyāhṛtir asau
samāgantā, Rādhe,
dhṛta|nava|śikhaṇḍas tava sakhā.›
iti brūte yasyām
śuka|mithunam Indr'|ânuja|kṛte
yad ābhīrī|vṛndair
upahṛtam abhūd Uddhava|kare.

4.45 ghana|śyāmā bhrāmyaty
upari Hari|harmyasya śikhibhiḥ
kṛta|stotrā mugdhair
aguru|janitā dhūma|latikā.
tad|ālokād, dhīra,
sphurati tava cen Mānasa|rucir,
jitaṃ tarhi svairaṃ
jala|saha|nivāsa|priyatayā.

'He is hiding in a grove
on the banks of the Yámuna
and even the many cowherd ladies
long since searching all around
have not found him.
Am I, my friend, ever to see
the dazzling slayer of Mura again,
his familiar face with its smile
always beaming forth upon the world?'

'Radha, don't be sad.
Your friend doesn't lie—
he will return soon,
sporting a new peacock feather.'
Thus speak the pair of parrots
placed in Úddhava's hand
by the *gopis**
as a present for Krishna.

A tendril of aloe wood smoke 4.45
as black as a cloud
wanders up from Hari's mansion,
and the silly peacocks sing its praises.*
You are a clever fellow:
if, when you see it,
you long for Mánasa,
it will be because your fondness
for living in water
has prevailed of its own accord.

tato madhye kakṣaṃ
pratinava|gav'|âkṣa|stabakinaṃ,
calan|mukt"|ālamba|
sphuritam a|mala|stambha|nivaham
bhavān draṣṭā hem'|ôl-
likhita|Daśama|skandha|caritair
lasad|bhitti|prāntaṃ
Mura|vijayinaḥ keli|nilayam.

alinde yasyās te
marakata|mayī yaṣṭir a|malā,
śayālur yāṃ rātrau
mada|kala|kalāpī kalayati.
nirātaṅkas tasyāḥ
śikharam adhiruhya śrama|nudaṃ
pratīkṣethā bhrātar
varam avasaram Yādava|pateḥ.

niviṣṭaḥ paryaṅke
mṛdula|tara|tūlī|dhavalite,
tri|lñokī|lakṣmīṇāṃ
kakudi dara|sācī|kṛta|tanuḥ,
a|mandaṃ pūrṇ'êndu|
pratimam upadhānaṃ pramudito
nidhāy' âgre tasminn
upahita|kaphoṇi|dvaya|bharaḥ,

In the middle you will see,
covered with clusters of windows like fresh blossoms,
gleaming with swaying strings of pearls,
filled with spotless columns
and bordered by walls sparkling with tales
of his deeds from the "Tenth Chapter"* inscribed in gold,
the room where Krishna has his fun.

On the terrace outside the door
is a taintless emerald pillar,
on which a sleepy peacock perches at night,
singing softly.
The pillar's top dispels fatigue:
you should mount it and relax,
awaiting the right moment
to meet the lord of the Yádavas.

He lies on his bed, the pinnacle
of all that is blessed in the three worlds,
beautifully whitened by the softest sheets,
his body slightly curved.
Blissfully happy, he has placed before him
a pillow as bulbous as the full moon,
supporting the weight from his two elbows.

udañcat|Kālindī|
salila|su|bhagaṃ bhāvuka|ruciḥ,
kapol'|ânte preṅkhan|
maṇi|makara|mudrā|madhurimā,
vasānaḥ kauṣeyaṃ
jita|kanaka|lakṣmī|parimalaṃ
Mukundas te sākṣāt|
pramada|sudhayā sekṣyati dṛśau.

4.50 Vikadruḥ paurāṇīr
akhila|kula|vṛddho Yadu|pater
a|dūrād āsīno
madhura|bhanitīr gāsyati sadā.
purastād ābhīrī|
gaṇa|bhaya|da|nāmā sa kaṭhino
maṇi|stambh'|ālambī
Kuru|kula|kathāṃ saṅkalayitā.

Śinīnām uttaṃsaḥ
sa kila Kṛtavarm" âpy ubhayataḥ
praṇeṣyate vāla|
vyajana|yugal'|ândolana|vidhim.
sa jānubhyām aṣṭā-
pada|bhuvam avaṣṭabhya bhavitā
guroḥ śiṣyo nūnaṃ
pada|kamala|saṃvāhana|rataḥ.

As enchantingly dark
as Yámuna's surging waters,
he wears lovely *mákara*-shaped* earrings
that dangle beside his cheeks
and a silken robe whose sheen
surpasses the splendor of gold.
Mukúnda shall thus anoint your eyes
with a visible nectar of bliss.

Sitting near the lord of the Yadus, 4.50
Vikádru, the eldest of all the clan,
will be ever singing sweet songs of old.
That cruel man* whose name frightens the *gopi*s
will be at the front,
leaning on a bejeweled pillar,
telling tales of the Kuru clan.

The crowning glory of the Shinis*
and, of course, Krita·varman
will be on either side
swinging a pair of yak's-tail whisks.
That disciple of Brihas·pati is sure
to be kneeling on the golden floor
intent on massaging the lotus feet.

vihaṅ|g'|êndro yugmī|
kṛta|kara|saro|jo bhuvi puraḥ
kṛt'|āsaṅgo bhāvī
prajavini nirdeśe 'rpita|manāḥ,
chada|dvandve yasya
dhvanati Mathurā|vāsi|baṭavo
vyudasyante sāma|
svara|kalitam anyonya|kalaham.

na nirvaktum Dāmo-
dara|pada|kaniṣṭh'|āṅguli|nakha|
dyutīnāṃ lāvaṇyaṃ
bhavati catur|āsyo 'pi caturaḥ.
tath" âpi strī|prajñā|
su|labha|taralatvād aham asau
pravṛttā tan|mūrti|
stava|rati|mahā|sāhasa|rase!

virājante yasya
Vraja|śiśu|kula|steya|vikala|
svayambhū|cūḍ"|âgrair
lulita|śikharāḥ pāda|nakharāḥ,
kṣaṇaṃ yān ālokya
prakaṭa|param'|ānanda|vivaśaḥ
sa deva'|ṛṣir muktān
api tanu|bhṛtaḥ śocati bhṛśam.

The devoted king of the birds*
will be on the ground in front of him,
his lotus-hands joined together,
ready to hurry off on a mission.
At the sound of his wings flapping,
the young brahmins living in Máthura
will put aside their arguments
about accents in the Veda.

Even the ingenious Brahma
is unable to describe the loveliness
of the luster of the nail of Damódara's little toe,
yet, with the temerity often found in women's minds,
here I am indulging in a foolhardy desire to hymn his beauty!

His illustrious toenails
were touched on their tips
by the foreheads of Brahma,
who was distraught at his abduction
of all the young of Vraja.
When the divine sage
looked at them for a moment,
and supreme bliss burst forth
and overcame him,*
embodied himself,
he felt great pity for even the liberated.

4.55 saro|jānāṃ vyūhaḥ
śriyam abhilaṣan yasya padayor
yayau *rāg'*|āḍhyānāṃ
vidhuram uda|vāsa|vrata|vidhim.
himaṃ vande nīcair
an|ucita|vidhāna|vyasaninām
yad eṣāṃ prāṇ'|ântaṃ
damanam anu|varṣaṃ praṇayati.

rucīnām ullāsair
marakata|maya|sthūla|kadalī|
kadamb'|âhaṃ|kāraṃ
kavalayati yasy' ōru|yugalam,
yad ālāna|stambha|
dyutim avalalambe balavatāṃ
madād uddāmānāṃ
paśu|pa|ramaṇī|citta|kariṇām.

sakhe, yasy' ābhīrī|
nayana|śapharī|jīvana|vidhau
nidānaṃ gāmbhīrya|
prasara|kalitā nābhi|sarasī,
yataḥ kalpasy' ādau
Sanaka|janak'|ôtpatti|vaḍabhī|
gabhīr'|ântaḥ|kakṣā|
dhṛta|bhuvanam ambho|ruham abhūt.

Hankering after the beauty of his feet, 4.55
the ranks of lotus flowers
are observing the vow of living in water,
difficult for those full of *passion : redness*.
I quietly salute winter—
every year it sentences them to death
for their addiction to unsuitable practices.

With their radiant beauty,
his two thighs would destroy the pride
of ranks of stout banana trees
fashioned from emerald
and they have become dazzling restraining posts
for those wild and mighty elephants in rut,
the hearts of the *gopi*s.

My friend, the deep, wide lake of his navel
is the source of life for the minnows
that are the *gopi*s' eyes.
At the beginning of creation
a lotus arose from it,
on which the world was supported
by that mysterious inner recess,
the pavilion where Brahma was born.

dyutiṃ dhatte yasya
tri|vali|latikā|saṅkaṭataraṃ,
sakhe, dāma|śreṇī|
kṣaṇa|paricay'|âbhijñam udaram,
Yaśodā yasy' ântaḥ
sura|nara|bhujaṅ|gaiḥ parivṛtaṃ
mukha|dvārā vāra|
dvayam avaluloke tri|bhuvanam.

uro yasya sphāraṃ
sphurati vana|mālā|valayitaṃ
vitanvānaṃ tanvī|
jana|manasi sadyo manasi|jam,
marīcībhir yasmin
ravi|nivaha|tulyo 'pi vahate
sadā kha|dyot'|ābhāṃ
bhuvana|madhuraḥ Kaustubha|maṇiḥ.

4.60 samantād unmīlad
vala|bhid|upala|stambha|yugala|
prabhā|jaitraṃ, Keśi|
dvi|ja|dalita|keyūra|lalitam,
mada|klāmyad|gopī|
paṭala|haṭha|kaṇṭha|graha|paraṃ
bhuja|dvandvaṃ yasya
sphuṭa|surabhi|gandhaṃ vijayate.

His belly is beautified, my friend,
by three taut lines like creepers,
suggesting the fleeting touch
of his restraining ropes;*
looking through his mouth,
Yashóda twice saw the three worlds within,
complete with gods, men and serpents.

His broad chest is garlanded with forest-flowers
and instantly spreads love in the hearts of slender girls;
on it even the world's finest jewel, the Káustubha,
though brilliant as a mass of suns,
never seems brighter than a firefly.

Visible all around, 4.60
more brilliant than two towering jeweled pillars,
beautified by a bracelet of bite marks from Keshi
and busy holding on tight to the necks
of a host of *gopi*s flagging from passion,
his majestic arms give off a sweet scent.

jihīte sāmrājyaṃ
    jagati nava|lāvaṇya|laharī|
  parīpākasy' ântar|
    mudita|madan'|āveśa|madhuram,
naṭad|bhrū|vallīkaṃ,
    smita|nava|*sudhā*|keli|sadanaṃ,
  sphuran|muktā|paṅkti|
    pratima|radanaṃ yasya vadanam.

kim ebhir vyāhāraiḥ!
    kalaya! kathayāmi sphuṭam ahaṃ,
  sakhe, niḥsandehaṃ
    paricaya|padaṃ kevalam idam:
par'|ānando yasmin
    nayana|padavī|bhrāji bhavitā
  tvayā vijñātavyo,
    madhura|rava, so 'yam Madhu|ripuḥ.

vilokethāḥ Kṛṣṇaṃ,
    mada|kala|marālī|rati|kalā|
  vidagdha, vyāmugdhaṃ
    yadi pura|vadhū|vibhrama|bharaiḥ,
tadā n' âsmān grāmyāḥ
    śravaṇa|padavīṃ tasya gamayeḥ.
  sudhā|pūrṇaṃ cetaḥ
    katham api na takraṃ mṛgayate!

Sweetly infused with blissful inner love,
his face rules over the world's
finest arrays of youthful beauty;
the house of fun for the fresh *nectar : whitewash* of his
smile,
its creeper-like brows dance
and its teeth gleam like a string of pearls.

But there's no need for these words!
Listen! I shall tell you clearly
this one sure way to recognize him, my friend.
The feeling of ultimate bliss that arises
when he lights up your vision, o sweet-voiced one,
tells you that here is the enemy of Madhu!

You are well versed in the amorous arts
of sweetly cooing lady swans;
if you find Krishna infatuated
with the plentiful flirting of the city ladies,
then don't have him hear about us village girls.
A heart brimming with nectar
hardly yearns for buttermilk!

yadā Vṛnd”|âraṇya|
smaraṇa|laharī|hetu|ramaṇaṃ
pikānāṃ veveṣṭi
pratiharitam uccaiḥ kuhu|rutam,
vahante vā vātāḥ
sphurita|giri|mallī|parimalās,
tad” âiv’ âsmākīnāṃ
giram upaharethā Mura|bhidi.

4.65 ‹purā tiṣṭhan goṣṭhān
nikhila|ramaṇībhyaḥ priyatayā
bhavān yasyāṃ, gopī|
ramaṇa, vidadhe gaurava|bharam.
sakhī tasyā vijñā-
payati Lalitā dhīra|lalitaṃ
praṇamya śrī|pād’|âm-
bu|ja|kanaka|pīṭhī|parisare.

prayatnād ā|bālyaṃ
nava|kamalinī|pallava|kulais
tvayā bhūyo yasyāḥ
kṛtam, ahaha, saṃvardhanam abhūt,
cirād ūdho|bhāra|
sphuraṇa|garim”|ākrānta|jaghanā
babhūva praṣṭhauhī,
Mura|mathana, s” êyaṃ kapilikā.

Only when the call of the koyal,
the lovely font of waves of memories of Vrinda·vana,
is resounding loudly all around,
or breezes are blowing
redolent of blossoming *kútaja* flowers,
should you pass on our message to Krishna.

'In the past, o sweetheart of the *gopi*s, 4.65
when you were staying at the cowsheds
enamored of all the lovely ladies,
you bestowed great importance upon one girl.
Her friend Lálita bows down
at the golden pedestal
of your glorious lotus-feet
and addresses you with resolve and grace.

O crusher of Mura! The ruddy cow
that you carefully nourished from childhood
with plentiful bunches of fresh lotus shoots
is with calf for the first time,
her hips long since laboring
under the weight of her bulging udders.

samīpe nīpānāṃ
tri|catura|dalā, hanta, gamitā
tvayā yā mākanda|
priya|saha|carī|bhāva|niyatim,
iyaṃ sā vāsantī
galad|a|mala|mādhvīka|paṭalī|
miṣād agre, gopī|
ramaṇa, rudatī rodayati naḥ.

prasūto Devakyā,
Madhu|mathana, yaḥ ko 'pi puruṣaḥ,
sa jāto go|pāl'|âbhy-
udaya|param'|ānanda|vasatir.
dhṛto yo Gāndhinyā
kaṭhina|jaṭhare samprati tataḥ
samantād ev' âstam,
Śiva, Śiva, gatā Gokula|kathā.

Ariṣṭen' ôddhūtāḥ
paśu|pa|su|dṛśo yānti vipadaṃ,
Tṛṇāvart'|ākrānto
racayati bhayaṃ catvara|cayaḥ,
amī *Vyomī*/*bhūtā*
Vraja|vasati|bhūmī|parisarā
vahante santāpaṃ,
Mura|hara, vidūraṃ tvayi gate.

O sweetheart of the *gopi*s, alas!
That *mádhavi* creeper
with three or four leaves
near the *kadámba* trees,
which was destined by you
to be the sweetheart of the mango tree,
is here in front of us,
and, in the guise of oozing her pure sap,
is crying and making us cry.

O destroyer of Madhu,
a certain man born to Dévaki
became for the cowherds the seat
of supreme bliss and sublimation.
He whom Gándhini bore
in her harsh womb
has now made the sun set altogether—
o Shiva! o Shiva!—
on the tales of Go·kula.

O destroyer of Mura, with you gone far away,
the cowherd girls have been shaken
by *bad omens : Aríshta* and face disaster;
the courtyards have all been invaded
by *whirlwinds of grass : Trinavárta* and inspire fear;
these lands surrounding the settlements of Vraja
have been *deserted : possessed by Vyoma*
and bring sorrow.*

4.70 tvayā n' āgantavyaṃ
katham api, Hare, goṣṭham adhunā,
latā|śreṇī Vṛndā|
vana|bhuvi yato 'bhūd viṣa|mayī.
prasūnānāṃ gandhaṃ
katham itarathā vāta|nihitaṃ
bhajan sadyo mūrcchāṃ
vahati nivaho gopa|su|dṛśām?

kathaṃ saṅgo 'smābhiḥ
saha samucitaḥ samprati, Hare?
vayaṃ grāmyā nāryas,
tvam asi nṛ|pa|kany"|ârcita|padaḥ.
gataḥ kālo yasmin
paśu|pa|ramaṇī|saṅgama|kṛte
bhavān vyagras tasthau
tamasi gṛha|vāṭī|viṭapini.

vayaṃ tyaktāḥ, svāmin,
yad iha, tava kiṃ dūṣaṇam idam?
nisargaḥ śyāmānām
ayam atitarāṃ duṣ|pariharaḥ.
kuhū|kaṇṭhair aṇḍ'|â-
vadhi saha nivāsāt paricitāḥ
visṛjyante sadyaḥ
kalita|nava|pakṣair vali|bhujaḥ.

Hari, on no account 4.70
should you go to the cowsheds now—
the ranks of creepers around Vrinda·vana
have turned poisonous.
Why else would all the *gopi*s faint
the moment they smell the scent
of flowers carried on the wind?

O Hari, how could it be right
for you to associate with us now?
We are village women;
your feet are worshipped by princesses.
Gone is the time when,
eager to be with the beautiful cowherd girls,
you would wait in the darkness
in bowers in the gardens of our houses.

Lord, it is no fault of yours
that we have been abandoned like this.
It is very hard for those who are dark
to shake off their natural condition.
As soon as they are fledged,
koyals* leave the crows
they have known and lived with
since they were eggs.

ayaṃ pūrvo raṅgaḥ
kila viracito yasya tarasā,
rasād ākhyātavyaṃ
parikalaya tan nāṭakam idam.
mayā praṣṭavyo 'si
prathamam iti, Vṛndāvana|pate,
‹kim āho Rādh" êti
smarasi kṛpaṇaṃ varṇa|yugalam?›

aye, kuñja|droṇī|
kuhara|gṛha|medhin, kim adhunā
parokṣaṃ vakṣyante
paśu|pa|ramaṇī|dur|niyatayaḥ?
pravīṇā gopīnāṃ
tava caraṇa|padme 'rpita|manā
yayau Rādhā sādhā-
raṇa|samucita|praśna|padavīm.

4.75 tvayā goṣṭhaṃ, goṣṭhī|
tilaka, kila ced vismṛtam idaṃ,
na tūrṇaṃ Dhūmorṇā|
patir api vidhatte yadi kṛpām,
ahar|vṛndaṃ Vṛndā-
vana|kusuma|pālī|parimalair
dur|ālokaṃ śok'|ās-
padam atha kathaṃ neṣyati sakhī?

Its prologue having thus been quickly composed,
the play is now to be performed with feeling—
pay close attention to it.
First I must ask you, o lord of Vrinda·vana,
whether you remember those two poor syllables
"Ra" and "dha."

O householder whose husbandly duties
were at the bower, the hill and the hollow,
are the misfortunes of the cowherd girls
now to be spoken of behind their backs?
The cleverest of the *gopi*s, Radha,
who is devoted to your lotus-feet,
has become the subject of questions
suited to ordinary women.

O crowning glory of the cowherds, 4.75
if you have truly forgotten the cowsheds,
and were the god of death not to show pity soon,
then how is my friend to pass all the days
which fragrances from the flower beds of Vrinda·vana
have made an unbearable abode of sorrow?

taraṅgaiḥ kurvāṇā
Śamana|bhaginī|lāghavam asau
nadīṃ kāṃ cid goṣṭhe
nayana|jala|pūrair ajanayat.
iṭ̕ îv̕ âsyā dveṣād
abhimata|daśā|prārthana|mayīṃ,
Mur̕|âre, vijñaptiṃ
niśamayati mānī na Śamanaḥ.

kṛṭ̕|ākṛṣṭi|krīḍaṃ
kim api tava rūpaṃ mama sakhī
sakṛd dṛṣṭvā dūrād
a|hita|hita|bodh̕|ôjjhita|matiḥ,
hat̕|āś” êyaṃ prem̕|â-
nalam anu viśantī sa|rabhasaṃ
pataṅg” îv̕ ātmānaṃ,
Mura|hara, muhur dāhitavatī.

mayā vācyaḥ kiṃ vā?
tvam iha nija|doṣāt param asau
yayau mandā *Vṛndā-*
vana|kumuda|bandho vidhuratām,
yad arthaṃ duḥkh̕|âgnir
vikṛṣati tam adȳ âpi hṛdayān
na yasmād dur|medhā
lavam api bhavantaṃ davayati.

O enemy of Mura, with the flood of her tears
the girl has created a river in Vrinda·vana,
its waves belittling Shámana's sister.*
It appears that proud Shámana is thus angry with her
and won't heed her requests for the state she desires.

O destroyer of Mura, having just once seen from afar
your indescribably attractive and playful beauty,
my friend has become unable to tell
what is good or bad for her
and, desperately rushing headlong into the fire of love,
the girl keeps burning herself like a moth.

O *friend of the lilies : moon* of Vrinda·vana,
what can I say to you about this?
That foolish girl has only herself to blame
for her pitiful condition:
the silly thing is still yet to begin
to banish from her heart
the reason for the raging fire of her sorrow—you.

Trivakr” āho dhanyā:
hṛdayam iva te svaṃ vapur iyaṃ
samāsādya, svairaṃ
yad iha vilasantī nivasati.
dhruvaṃ puṇya|bhraṃśād
ajani saral” êyaṃ mama sakhī:
praveśas tatr’ âbhūt
kṣaṇam api yad asyā na su|labhaḥ.

4.80 ‹kim āviṣṭā bhūtaiḥ
sapadi, yadi vā krūra|phaṇinā
kṣat” âpasmāreṇa
cyuta|matir a|kasmāt kim apatat?›
iti vyagrair asyāṃ
gurubhir abhito veṇu|ninada|
śravād vibhraṣṭāyāṃ,
Mura|hara, vikalpā vidadhire.

navīn” êyaṃ sampraty
a|kuśala|parīpāka|laharī
narīṇartti svairaṃ
mama saha|carī|citta|kuhare,
jagan|netra|śreṇī|
madhura, Mathurāyāṃ nivasataś
cirād ārtā vārtām
api tava yad eṣā na labhate.

Surely crooked Kubja* is blessed:
having come by a body that is like your heart,
she now lives happily, doing what she wants.
My friend must have fallen from grace and gone straight:
she has been unable to enter your heart for even a moment.

"Has she suddenly been possessed by spirits? 4.80
Or bitten by a dangerous snake?
Has she had a fit and fallen over on the spot?"
These are the guesses of the distraught elders
who crowd around when she collapses
after hearing the sound of the flute, o destroyer of Mura.

Now there is this new wave of full-blown panic
dancing wildly in the recesses of my friend's mind,
because, o delight of all the eyes of the world,
while you have been staying in Máthura,
the stricken girl has passed an age with no news of you.

janān siddh'|ādeśān
namati, bhajate māntrika|gaṇān,
vidhatte śuśrūṣām
adhika|vinayen' âuṣadhi|vidām,
tvad|īkṣā|dīkṣāyai
paricarati bhaktyā Giri|sutāṃ.
manīṣā hi vyagrā
kim api sukha|hetuṃ na manute.

paśūnāṃ pātāraṃ,
bhuja|ga|ripu|patra|praṇayinaṃ,
smar'|ôdvardhi|krīḍaṃ
niviḍa|ghana|sāra|dyuti|haram
sad" âbhyarṇe *Nandī-*
śvara|giri|bhuvo raṅga|rasikaṃ
bhavantaṃ, Kaṃs'|âre,
bhajati bhavad|āptyai mama sakhī.

bhavantaṃ santaptā
vidalita|tamāl'|âṅkura|rasair
vilikhya bhrū|bhaṅgī|
kṛta|Madana|kodaṇḍa|kadanam,
nidhāsyantī kaṇṭhe
tava nija|bhujā|vallarīm asau,
dharanyām unmīlaj|
jaḍima|niviḍ'|âṅgī viluṭhati.

She bows before soothsayers,
worships sorcerers,
waits upon apothecaries with great humility
and devotedly serves Párvati
in order to be initiated into seeing you.
A distraught mind does not concern itself
with anything whose motive is pleasure.

O enemy of Kamsa, in order to win you,
my friend worships *you : Shiva*,
as *a protector of cattle : the lord of the animals*
devoted to *Vishnu : Karttikéya*,
your play inspiring love : playfully destroying the god of love,
more beautiful than the *finest, most dense cloud : most compact camphor*,
and always keen to dance
in the region around Mount *Go·várdhana : Kailása*.

Tormented, she uses juice
from crushed *tamála* sprouts
to draw a picture of you, your arched brow
putting the bow of the god of love to shame,
and, throwing her creeper-like arms around your neck,
she rolls about on the ground,
her body looking stiff from head to toe.

4.85 kadā cin mūḍh” êyaṃ
niviḍa|bhavadīya|smṛti|madād
a|mandād ātmānaṃ
kalayati bhavantaṃ mama sakhī,
tath” âsyā Rādhāyā
viraha|dahan’|ākalpita|dhiyo,
Mur’|âre, duḥ|sādhyā
kṣaṇam api na bādhā viramati.

tvayā santāpānām
upari parimukt” âpi rabhasād,
idānīm āpede
tad api tava ceṣṭāṃ priya|sakhī:
yad eṣā, Kaṃs’|âre,
bhidura|hṛdayaṃ tvām avayatī
satīnāṃ mūrdhanyā
bhidura|hṛday” âbhūd anu|dinam.

‹samakṣaṃ sarveṣāṃ
viharasi samādhi|praṇayinām›
iti śrutvā nūnaṃ
gurutara|samādhiṃ kalayati.
‹sadā,› Kaṃs’|ārāte,
‹bhajasi yamināṃ netra|padavīm›
iti vyaktaṃ sajjī|
bhavati *yamam ālambitum* api.

Intoxicated by incessant recollection of you, 4.85
my foolish friend might imagine herself
to be you, o enemy of Mura,
but Radha's mind is still filled
with the fire of separation
and her incurable anguish
does not cease for even a moment.

Despite being left by you to suffer, o enemy of Kamsa,
my dear friend still eagerly mimics you even now:
thinking that your heart must be broken,
the heart of that finest of good women
has grown more fragile every day.

Having heard that you disport yourself
before those devoted to meditation,
she now practices it most severely,
and because ascetics see you all the time, o enemy of Kamsa,
she is clearly preparing *to practice asceticism : to give herself up to death*.

‹Mur'|âre! Kālindī|
salila|calad|indīvara|ruce!
Mukunda! śri|Vṛndā-
vana|Madana! vṛndāraka|maṇe!
Vraj'|ānandin! Nand'|ī-
śvara|dayita! Nand'|ātma|ja! Hare!›
sad" êti krandantī
parijana|śucaṃ kandalayati.

samantād uttaptas
tava viraha|dāv'|âgni|śikhayā,
kṛt'|ôdvegaḥ pañc'|ā-
śu|ga|mṛgayu|vedha|vyatikaraiḥ,
tanū|bhūtaṃ sadyas
tanu|vanam idaṃ hāsyati Hare
haṭhād adya śvo vā
mama saha|carī|prāṇa|hariṇaḥ.

4.90 payo|rāśi|sphīta|
tviṣi hima|kar'|ôttaṃsa|madhure
dadhāne dṛg|bhaṅgyā
Smara|vijayi|rūpaṃ mama sakhī
Hare datta|sv'|āntā
bhavati, tad imāṃ kiṃ prabhavati
Smaro hantuṃ? kiṃ tu
vyathayati bhavān eva kutukī.

"O enemy of Mura!
O you of the hue of the blue lotuses
floating in Yámuna's waters!
O Mukúnda! O Vrinda·vana's Cupid!
O jewel of the gods! O bringer of bliss to Vraja!
O favorite of Shiva! O son of Nanda! O Hari!"
Constantly wailing thus,
she makes her friends stricken with grief.

O Hari, burned on all sides by the flames
of the fire of separation from you
and panicked by wounding blows
from the hunter with five arrows,
today or tomorrow the deer
that is the life-breath of my friend
will be forced to leave the forest of her body,
which has recently grown thin.

Hara has the hue of an ocean of milk, 4.90
is made beautiful by his diadem, the moon,
and, by raising an eyebrow,
assumes the form of Kama's conqueror.
My friend has set her heart on him,
so how, *Hari*, could Kama harm her?
You, on the other hand, are keen to torment her.

vijānīṣe bhāvaṃ
paśu|pa|ramaṇīnāṃ, Yadu|maṇe,
na jānīmaḥ kasmāt
tad api, vata, māyāṃ racayasi.
samantād adhyātmaṃ
yad iha pavana|vyādhir alapad,
balād asyās tena
vyasana|kulam eva dvi|guṇitam.

guror ante|vāsī
sa bhajati Yadūnāṃ sacivatāṃ.
sakhī Kālind" îyaṃ
kila bhavati kālasya bhaginī.
bhaved anyaḥ ko vā
nara|pati|pure mat|paricito,
daśām asyāḥ śaṃsan,
Yadu|tilaka, yas tvām anunayet?

viśīrṇ'|âṅgīm antar|
vaṇa|viluṭhanād, *utkalikayā*
parītāṃ, bhūyasyā
satatam aparāga|vyatikarām,
paridhvast'|*āmodāṃ*,
viramita|samast'|āli|kutukāṃ,
vidho, *pāda*|sparśād
api sukhaya Rādhā|kumudinīm.

We cowherd girls do not, alas, know why,
despite understanding how we feel,
you are still being illusory, o jewel of the Yadus.
Crazy Úddhava here has given
a thorough discourse on metaphysics,
but it just took her store of anguish
and doubled it.

The disciple of Brihas·pati
is a counselor to the Yadus.
Our friend Yámuna here
is said to be the sister of Death.
Might there be someone else
known to me in the royal city,
who could describe the girl's condition
and win you over, o crowning glory of the Yadus?

That lotus Radha,
has *grown thin from tossing and turning at home : wilted from being tossed about among the lotuses*,
she is *seized with growing anxiety : covered with swelling buds*,
constantly afflicted by apathy : never touched by pollen,
devoid of *joy : scent*,
and *her friends have stopped having fun with her : the bees have lost interest in her*.
O *Krishna : moon*,
revive her with the touch of your *feet : rays*.

vipattibhyaḥ prāṇān
katham api bhavat|saṅgama|sukha|
spṛh”|âdhīnā, Śaure,
mama saha|carī rakṣitavatī,
atikrānte sampraty
avadhi|divase jīvana|vidhau
hat’|āśā niḥśaṅkaṃ
vitarati dṛśau cūta|mukule.

4.95 pratīkār’|ārambha|
ślatha|matibhir udyat|pariṇater
vimuktāyā vyakta|
Smara|kadana|bhājaḥ parijanaiḥ.
a|muñcantī saṅgaṃ
kuvalaya|dṛśaḥ kevalam asau
balād adya prāṇān
avati: bhavad|āśā|saha|carī.

aye, rāsa|krīḍā|
rasika, mama sakhyāṃ nava|navā
purā baddhā yena
praṇaya|laharī, hanta, gahanā.
sa cen mukt’|âpekṣas
tvam api dhig imāṃ tūla|śakalaṃ
yad etasyā nāsā|
nihitam idam ady’ âpi calati.

O Krishna, clinging to the hope of
the pleasure of union with you,
my friend has somehow
kept her life safe from calamities,
but now that the last day has passed
for saving her life,
she is desperate
and calmly casts her gaze
on a mango bud.*

She is approaching death 4.95
and has been abandoned by her friends,
who are tired of trying remedies
when Kama is clearly going to kill her.
The lotus-eyed girl now has just one companion
who does not leave her and strives to safeguard her life:
the hope of being with you.

O connoisseur of the *gopis*' playful dance!
In the past—alas!—you kept creating
ever more intense waves of love in my friend.
If you have now lost interest,
then shame on the girl,
for this strip of cotton placed under her nose
is still moving.

Mukunda! bhrānt'|âkṣī
kim api yad a|saṃkalpita|śataṃ
vidhatte, tad vaktuṃ
jagati manu|jaḥ kaḥ prabhavati?
kadā cit kalyāṇī
vilapati yad utkaṇṭhita|matis,
tad ākhyāmi, svāmin,
gamaya makar'|ôttaṃsa|savidham!

‹abhūt ko 'pi premā
mayi Mura|ripor yaḥ, sakhi, purā,
parāṃ dharm'|âpekṣām
api tad|avalambāt alaghayam.
tath" ēdānīṃ, hā dhik,
samajani taṭa|sthaḥ sphuṭam ahaṃ
bhaje lajjāṃ yena
kṣaṇam iha punar jīvitum api.›

‹ «garīyān me premā
tvayi param» iti sneha|laghutā;
«na jīviṣyām' îti»
praṇaya|garima|khyāpana|vidhiḥ;
«kathaṃ n' āyās' îti»
smaraṇa|paripāṭi|prakaṭanaṃ;
Harau sandeśāya,
priya|sakhi, na me vāg|avasaraḥ.›

O Mukúnda!
Eyes rolling, she does a hundred deranged things:
who on earth could describe them?
Let me relate what the dear girl sometimes jabbers,
her mind filled with longing, my lord.
Please let it enter your *mákara*-festooned ears!

"Krishna's love for me
used to be such, my friend,
that it made me lessen
even my lofty regard
for the duties of a wife.
But now that it has clearly—
oh alas!—turned cold,
I am ashamed to live here
a moment longer."

"O dear friend, there is no right way for me
to word my message to Hari.
To say 'My love for you is very grave'
is to make light of love;
saying 'I shall live no more' makes my love sound solemn,
and if I say 'Why do you not come?'
I make it known that I think of him incessantly."

4.100 ‹amī kuñjāḥ pūrvaṃ
mama na dadhire kām api mudaṃ?
drum'|āl" îyaṃ cetaḥ,
sakhi, na katiśo nanditavatī?
idānīṃ paśy' âite
yugapad upatāpaṃ vidadhate!
prabhau mukt'|âpekṣe
bhajati na hi ko vā vimukhatām?›

‹kadā prem'|ônmīlan|
madana|madir"|âkṣī|samudayaṃ
balād ākarṣantaṃ
madhura|muralī|kākalikayā
muhur bhrāmyac|cillī|
culukita|kula|strī|vratam ahaṃ
vilokiṣye līlā|
mada|milad|apāṅgī Mura|bhidam?›

‹yayau kālaḥ, kalyā-
ṇini, kalita|kelī|parimalām
vilās'|ârthī yasminn
a|cala|kuhare līna|vapuṣam
sa māṃ dhṛtvā dhṛṣṭaḥ
kṛta|kapaṭa|roṣāṃ, sakhi, haṭhād
akārṣīd ākarṣann
urasi śaśi|lekhā|śata|vṛtām.›

"O friend, in the past did not these groves 4.100
give me indescribable pleasure?
Did not this row of trees
gladden my mind untold times?
Now look! They all upset me.
Who would not be averse to the world
when their lord has no regard for them?"

"My side glances tinged with playful exhilaration,
will I ever again gaze at Krishna—
he whose flickering brows have many times
made decent women forsake their vows—
while, with the sweet soft sounds of his flute,
he forces toward him
a gaggle of gorgeous girls
dizzy with love?"

"My good friend, gone is the time
when, wanting some fun,
he brazenly grabbed me
as I hid, scented and ready to play,
in a mountain cave,
and, when I feigned anger,
pulled me roughly to his chest,
covering me as he did so
in a hundred crescent moon scratches."

‹raṇad|bhṛṅga|śreṇī|
su|hṛdi śarad|ārambha|madhure
van'|ânte cāndrībhiḥ
kiraṇa|laharībhir dhavalite
kadā prem'|ôddaṇḍa|
smara|kalaha|vaitaṇḍikam ahaṃ
kariṣye Govindaṃ
niviḍa|bhuja|bandha|praṇayinam?›

‹mano me, hā kaṣṭaṃ,
jvalati! kim ahaṃ hanta karavai?
na pāraṃ n' âvāraṃ,
sumukhi, kalayāmy asya jala|dheḥ.
iyaṃ vande mūrdhnā
sapadi tam, upāyaṃ kathaya māṃ
parāmṛṣye yasmād
dhṛti|kaṇikay" âpi kṣaṇikayā.›

4.105 ‹prayāto māṃ hitvā
yadi kaṭhina|cūḍā|maṇir asau,
prayātu svacchandaṃ!
mama samaya|dharmaḥ kila gatiḥ.
idaṃ soḍhuṃ kā vā
prabhavati, yataḥ svapna|kapaṭād
ih' āyāta Vṛndā-
vana|bhuvi balān māṃ ramayati?›

"In a forest lovely with the onset of autumn,
befriended by rows of buzzing bees
and bathed in waves of moonbeams,
will I ever again fight my case in erotic debates
and make Govínda hold me tight?"

"Oh dear, my mind is burning!
Alas, what am I to do?
Pretty lady, I cannot see either shore
of this ocean of sorrow.
I bow down before you—
quickly, tell me how I might come by
even a fleeting jot of fortitude."

"If that cruelest of men 4.105
has abandoned me and gone,
then let him go as he wishes.
My destiny is nothing but conventional duty.
But, in the pretense of a dream,
he will come here to Vrinda·vana
and ravish me.
What woman could bear that?"

‹an|aucityaṃ tasya
vyathayati mano. hanta! Mathurām
tvam āsādya svairaṃ
capala|hṛdayaṃ vāraya Harim,
sakhi, svapn'|ārambhe
punar api yathā vibhrama|madād
ih' āyāto dhūrtaḥ
kṣapayati na me kiṅkini|guṇam.›

‹ayi, svapno dūre
nivasatu, samakṣam śṛṇu haṭhād
a|viśvastā mā bhūr
iha, sakhi, mano|vibhrama|dhiyā,
vayasyas te Govar-
dhana|vipinam āsādya kutukād
a|kāṇḍe yad bhūyo
Smara|kalaha|pāṇḍityam akarot.

amarṣād dhāvantīṃ
gahana|kuhare sūcita|pathāṃ
tulā|koṭi|kvānaiś
cakita|pada|pāta|dvi|guṇitaiḥ,
didhīrṣan māṃ harṣ'|ôt-
tarala|nayan'|ântaḥ sa kutukī
na vaṃśīm ajñāsīd
bhuvi kara|saro|jād vigalitām.

"His impropriety plagues the mind.
Oh, go to Máthura, my friend,
and stop that willful and fickle-minded rogue Hari
from coming here again when I am dreaming
and, in a fit of passion,
ripping off the string of bells around my waist."

"My friend, leaving dreams well aside,
you must listen to what
I have seen with my own eyes—
don't think that I am deluded
and disbelieve me about this.
Without warning, your eager friend
has came to the woods on Mount Go·várdhana
and once more displayed
his scholarship in erotic disputation.

Indignant, I ran into the depths of the forest,
but my route was revealed
by the sound of my ankle bracelets,
which was intensified by my flustered footfalls.
Eager to grab me, his eyes darted about with excitement
and he didn't notice that his flute
had fallen from his lotus-hand onto the ground.

a|śaktāṃ gantavye
kalita|nava|cel'|âñcalatayā
lat"|ālībhiḥ puṣpa|
smita|śavalitābhir virudatīm
parīhās'|ārambhī,
priya|sakhi, samālambita|mukhīṃ
prapede cumbāya
sphurad|adhara|bimbas tava sakhā.

4.110 tato 'haṃ dhammille
sthagita|muralīkā, sakhi, śanair
alīk'|âmarṣeṇa
bhramad|avirala|bhrūr udacalam.
kac'|ākṛṣṭi|krīḍā|
krama|paricite caurya|carite
Harir labdh'|ôpādhiḥ
prasabham anayan māṃ giri|darīm.›

‹kadā cid vāsantī|
kuhara|bhuvi dhṛṣṭaḥ sa|rabhasam
hasan pṛṣṭh'|ālambī
sthagayati karābhyāṃ mama dṛśau.
didhīrṣau jāt'|ērṣyaṃ
mayi, sakhi, tadīy'|âṅguli|śikhāṃ
na jāne kutr' âyaṃ
vrajati kitavānāṃ kula|guruḥ.

Dear friend, I had to run but couldn't,
so, covering myself with strings of creepers
dotted with smile-like flowers,
I sobbed.
Your friend started to laugh
and, lifting my head,
he succeeding in kissing me,
his lips gleaming like *bimba* fruit.

I had hidden the flute in my braided hair, my friend, 4.110
so, furrowing my bushy brows with feigned anger,
I walked slowly away.
Reaching playfully to pull my hair,
Hari discovered the theft
and, realizing my deception,
roughly led me to a mountain cave."

"Once, in a hidden bower of *mádhavi* creepers,
the cheeky fellow grabbed me violently from behind
and, laughing, covered my eyes with his hands.
When I became angry and tried to grab his fingertips,
where that high priest of scoundrels had gone,
I do not know, my friend.

atīt” êyaṃ vārtā,
viramatu. puraḥ paśya, sarale!
vayasyas te so ’yaṃ
smita|madhurim’|ônmṛṣṭa|vadanaḥ
bhuja|stambh’|ôllāsād
abhimata|parīrambha|rabhasaḥ
smara|krīḍā|sindhuḥ
kṣipati mayi bandhūka|kusumam.›

‹tad uttiṣṭha, vrīḍā-
vati, niviḍa|muktā|latikayā
badhān’ êmaṃ dhūrtaṃ,
sakhi, Madhu|purīṃ yāti na yathā.›
iti prem’|ônmīlad|
bhavad|anubhav’|ārūḍha|jaḍimā
sakhīnām ākrandaṃ
na kila katiśaḥ kandalayati.

aho kaṣṭaṃ! bālyād
aham iha sakhīṃ duṣṭa|hṛdayā
muhur māna|granthiṃ
saha|ja|saralāṃ grāhitavatī.
tad|ārambhād, gopī|
gaṇa|rati|guro, nirbharam asau
na lebhe lubdh” âpi
tvad|a|mala|bhuja|stambha|rabhasam.

That tale is in the past—let it lie.
Look before you, sweet lady!
Here is your friend,
the sweetness of his smile lighting up his face.
That ocean of love-play
is throwing a *bandhúka* flower on me,
and it appears from his looming pillar-like arms
that he is eager for an embrace."

"So get up, my bashful friend,
and use your thick string of pearls
to bind the rogue
so that he doesn't go to Máthura."
So saying, she is struck dumb
by the visions of you that her love brings forth
and she makes her friends cry yet again.

Oh dear! How wicked I have been in this!
Since childhood I have always made my friend,
who is naturally guileless, play hard to get.
From the outset, o teacher of love to all the *gopi*s,
even though she has wanted to,
she has been unable to enjoy to the full
your impeccable pillar-like arms.

4.115 alinde Kālindī|
kamala|surabhau kuñja|vasater
vasantīṃ vāsantī|
nava|parimal'|ôdgāri|cikurām
tvad|utsaṅge līnāṃ
mada|mukulit'|âkṣīṃ punar imāṃ
kad" âhaṃ seviṣye
kisalaya|kalāpa|vyajaninī?

dhṛt'|ānandāṃ Vṛndā|
vana|parisare śārada|niśā|
vilās'|ôllāsena
ślathita|kavarī|phulla|kusumām
tava skandh'|ôpānte
vinihita|bhujā|vallarim ahaṃ
kadā kuñje līnā
rahasi vihasiṣyāmi su|mukhīm?

‹vidūrād āhartuṃ
kusumam upayāmi. tvam adhunā
puras tīre tīre
kalaya lavalī|pallavam idam.›
iti vyājād enāṃ
vidita|bhavadīya|sthitir aham
kadā kuñje, gopī|
ramaṇa, gamayiṣyāmi samaye?

Will I ever again fan her 4.115
with a sheaf of fresh leaves
when she is staying on the veranda,
fragrant with Yámuna's lotuses,
of the hut in the woods,
her hair pouring forth
the scent of fresh *mádhavi* creepers,
her eyes closed in rapture
as she lies in your arms?

When will I hide in a bower near Vrinda·vana
and laugh at the beautiful girl's blissful face,
her creeper-like arms wrapped around your shoulders,
her braids unraveled and her flowers blown
by the fun of a night of sport in autumn?

Saying, "I'm going to fetch a far-off bloom.
You, meanwhile, should pick
these *lávali* blossoms along the bank here,"
when, o sweetheart of the *gopi*s,
am I to trick her into going to the bower
where I know you are waiting?'

iti śrī|Kaṃs'|âreḥ
pada|kamalayor Gokula|kathāṃ
nivedya, pratyekaṃ
bhaja parijaneṣu praṇayitām.
nij'|âṅge, kādambī|
saha|cara, vahan maṇḍanatayā
na yān uccaiḥ|prema|
pravaṇam anujagrāha bhagavān.

milad|bhṛṅgīṃ, haṃsī|
ramaṇa, vana|mālāṃ prathamato
mudā kṣemaṃ pṛcchann
idam upaharethā mama vacaḥ:
‹ciram Kaṃs'|â|rāter
urasi saha|vāsa|praṇayinīṃ
kim enām eṇ'|âkṣīṃ,
guṇavati, visasmāra bhavatī?

4.120 idaṃ kiṃ vā hanta
smarasi, rasike, khaṇḍana|ruṣā|
parīt'|âṅgī Govar-
dhana|giri|nitambe mama sakhī
bhiyā sambhrānt'|âkṣaṃ
yad iha vicakarṣa tvayi balād
gṛhītvā vibhraśyan|
nava|śikhi|śikhaṃ Gokula|patim?›

After laying these tales of Go·kula
at the lotus-feet of the glorious enemy of Kamsa,
you must befriend his entourage one by one.
O companion of the lady swans,
the Lord wears them as ornaments on his body,
but has not rewarded them
with the deepest depths of his love.

O sweetheart of the lady swans,
first of all rejoice in asking after the well-being
of his bee-covered garland of forest-flowers
and then pass on these words of mine:
'O good lady, have you forgotten that doe-eyed girl
who was for so long your companion in love
on the chest of the enemy of Kamsa?

Or perhaps, o devotee, you remember 4.120
when my friend was beside herself with anger
at being cheated on the slopes of Mount Go·várdhana
and grabbed you, pulling the lord of Go·kula
so that his eyes rolled with fear
and his crown of fresh peacock feathers slipped off.'

tataḥ sambhāṣethāḥ
śruti|makara|mudrām iti mudā:
‹bhavatyāṃ kartavyaḥ
kim iti kuśala|praśna|jaḍimā,
ruci|smerā yā tvaṃ
racayasi sadā cumbana|kalām
apāṅgena spṛṣṭā,
sakhi, Mura|ripor gaṇḍa|mukure.

nivāsas te, devi,
śravaṇa|latikāyām iti dhiyā
prayatnāt tvām eva
praṇaya|hṛdayā yāmi śaraṇam.
parokṣaṃ Vṛṣṇīnāṃ
nibhṛta|nibhṛtaṃ karṇa|kuhare
Hareḥ kāk'|ûnmiśrāṃ
kathaya, sakhi, Rādhā|vidhuratām.›

parīrambhaṃ premṇā
mama sa|vinayam Kaustubha|maṇau
bruvāṇaḥ kurvīthāḥ,
pata|ga|vara, vijñāpanam idam:
‹a|gādhā Rādhāyām
api tava, sakhe, vismṛtir abhūt.
kathaṃ vā kalyāṇaṃ
vahati *tarale* hi praṇayitā?

Then you should joyfully address
his *mákara*-shaped earring,
saying, 'It would be stupid
to ask if you are well, my friend:
smiling with delight,
you are touched by the side glances
of the enemy of Mura
and are always placing little kisses
on his mirror-like cheeks.

You live on his creeper-like ears, o goddess,
so, eagerly and with love in my heart,
I come to you for refuge.
Out of sight of the Vrishnis,
as quietly as you can,
you must whisper Radha's plight
into the opening of his ear,
your voice strained with sadness.'

O best of birds, tell the Káustubha jewel
that I embrace him with love and humility,
and pass on this message:
'Friend, your forgetfulness even for Radha
has become unfathomable.
How can fondness for *the fickle : the jewel of a necklace*
bring happiness?

muhuḥ|kūjat|kāñcī|
maṇi|valaya|mañjīra|muralī|
rav'|ālambo bhrāmyad|
yuvati|kula|gītaiḥ, sura|maṇe,
sa kiṃ sākṣād|bhāvī
punar api Hares tāṇḍava|rasair
a|mandaḥ Kālindī|
pulina|bhuvi taurya|trika|bharaḥ?›

4.125 ‹navīnas tvaṃ, kambo,
paśu|pa|ramaṇībhiḥ paricayaṃ
na dhatse Rādhāyā
guṇa|garima|gandhe 'pi na kṛtī,
tath" âpi tvāṃ yāce
hṛdaya|nihitaṃ dohadam ahaṃ.
vahante hi klānte
praṇayam avadāta|prakṛtayaḥ.

gṛhītvā Govindaṃ,
jala|dhi|hṛday'|ānandana, sakhe,
sukhena śrī|Vṛndā-
vana|parisare nandatu bhavān.
kathaṃ vā te goṣṭhaṃ
bhavatu dayitaṃ, hanta, balavān
yad etasmin veṇor
jayati cira|sau|bhāgya|mahimā?›

O jewel of the gods,
will Hari's prodigious musical virtuosity,
enhanced by his emotive wild dancing
and accompanied by the sounds
of the constantly tinkling belts,
bejeweled bracelets,
anklets, flutes and songs
of young ladies dancing,
ever again be seen on the banks of the Yámuna?'

'O conch shell, even though you are new 4.125
and do not know the cowherd girls
nor have any inkling of Radha's wealth of virtues,
I beg you to satisfy the longing in my heart.
Those pure in nature show affection to the downcast.

O friend, o bringer of bliss
to the heart of the ocean,
you must take Govínda
and play happily around Vrinda·vana.
But—oh dear!—
how could you like the cowsheds
when the mighty
and lasting loveliness
of the flute rules there?'

iti prem'|ôdgāra|
pravaṇam anunīya krama|vaśāt
parīvārān, bhrātar,
niśamayati Cāṇūra|mathane,
punaḥ kop'|ôdbhinna|
praṇaya|caṭulaṃ tasya nikaṭe
kathām ācakṣīthā
daśabhir avatārair vilasitām.

‹grahītuṃ tvāṃ prem'|ā-
miṣa|parivṛtaṃ citta|vaḍiśaṃ,
mahā|mīna, kṣipraṃ
nyadhita rasa|pūre mama sakhī.
vivek'|ākhyaṃ chittvā
guṇam atha tad agrāsi bhavatā.
hat'|āś" êyaṃ kiṃ vā,
Śiva, Śiva, vidhātuṃ prabhavati?›

‹varāk" îyaṃ dṛṣṭvā
su|bhaga|vapuṣo vibhrama|bharaṃ
tav' âbhyarṇaṃ bheje
parama|kutuk'|ôllāsita|matiḥ.
tiro|dhāya sv'|âṅgaṃ
prakaṭayasi yat tvaṃ kaṭhinatāṃ,
tad etat kiṃ na syāt
tava kamaṭha|mūrteḥ samucitam?›

O brother, after using
these profound outpourings of love
to win over one by one
the entourage of Krishna
while he listens on,
you should then,
in charming words of love
tinged with anger,
tell him dazzling tales
of his ten incarnations.

'O great fish, in order to catch you,
my friend quickly cast the hook of her heart,
wrapped in the bait of love,
into the ocean of emotion.
Then you ate it,
after cutting the line of her reason.
O Shiva! O Shiva!
The girl is desperate—what can she do?'

'On seeing the comeliness of your beautiful body,
a great curiosity lit up the poor girl's mind
and she came to you.
You hid your body and showed your hardness.
Would that not be more appropriate
when your form is that of a tortoise?'

4.130 ‹sadā, Kaṃs'|â|rāte,
sphurati ciram ady' âpi bhavataḥ
sphuṭaṃ kroḍ'|ākāre
vapuṣi niviḍa|prema|laharī:
yataḥ sā sairandhrī
Malaya|ruha|paṅka|praṇayinī
tvayā kroḍī|cakre
parama|rabhasād ātma|dayitā.›

‹cirād antar|bhūtā
nara|hari|mayī mūrtir abhitas,
tadīyo vyāpāras
tava tu na yayau vismṛti|patham:
vinīta|Prahlādas
tvam iha paramakrūra|carite
prasakto yad bhūyaḥ
para|hṛdaya|bhedaṃ janayasi.›

‹yad ātmānaṃ darpād
a|gaṇita|gurur, Vāmana, mudā
mano|rājyen' āḍhyaṃ
tvayi balitayā kalpitavatī,
prapede tasy' êdaṃ
phalam ucitam eva priya|sakhī:
vidūre nikṣiptā
vyasana|maya|pāśair nigaḍitā.›

'O enemy of Kamsa, 4.130
the deep waves of your love
when you had the body of a boar
are felt as clearly as ever even now:
you were overjoyed *to embrace as your sweetheart*
that servant girl bringing sandal paste :
to turn that virtuous wife into your sweetheart—
a lady boar fond of the mud in the grove.'*

'Your incarnation as a man-lion
has long since completely disappeared,
but you have not forgotten its behavior:
in it you gave Prahláda instruction,
and, intent on acts of extreme cruelty,
you even ripped open your enemy's heart :
having been made very happy here
you have become obsessed with the deeds of Akrúra
and, what's more, are breaking others' hearts.'

'O dwarf, like Bali arrogantly ignoring his guru
and gladly offering you himself and his kingdom,
my dear friend arrogantly ignored her elders
and gladly offered to you, as a sacrificial offering,
herself and the kingdom of her mind,
for which she has received a reward that is only right—
like Bali, she has been cast into the distance,
fettered by bonds of *love : adversity*.'

‹iyaṃ, nātha, krūrā
bhṛgu|patanam ākāṅkṣati, tato
yad asyāṃ kāṭhinyaṃ
tava, samucitaṃ tat, Bhṛgu|pate!
iyaṃ te dur|bodhā
kṛtir iha: bhavad|vismṛti|pathaṃ
yato yātaḥ sākṣād
gurur api sa Nandīśvara|patiḥ.›

‹nir|ānandā gāvaś
ciram upasṛtā *dūṣaṇa|kulaiḥ*,
kharāyante sadyo,
Raghu|tilaka, Govardhana|taṭīḥ,
virādhatvaṃ ghoṣo
vrajati bhavadīya|pravasanād
idānīṃ *mārīcaḥ*
sphuṭam iha narīṇartti paritaḥ.›

4.135 ‹*prapannaḥ kālo 'yaṃ*
punar udayituṃ rāsabhajanair.
vilāsinn, ady' âpi
sphuṭam *an|aparādhā* vayam api.
vitanvānaḥ kāntiṃ
vapuṣi śarad|ākāśa|valitāṃ,
kuto na tvaṃ, sīra|
dhvaja, bhajasi Vṛndāvanam idam?›

'O master! O lord of the Bhrigus!
The ruthless girl longs *to jump to her death : for the downfall of the Bhrigus*,
so your harshness toward her is apt.
What is hard to understand
about your behavior in this matter,
is that you have clearly forgotten
even your *guru, Shiva : father, Nanda*.'

'In your absence, o crowning glory of the Raghus,
the unhappy cows have long been assailed by *a host of maladies : Dúshana and his kin*,
the slopes of Mount Go·várdhana are suddenly *drying up: going over to Khara*,
the cowherds *are going to lose Radha : are being overcome by Virádha*
and now *a plague : Marícha* is dancing about the place.'

'*The time has come : Death has come to attack again* 4.135
to show off the rasa dance again. : in the form of Rásabha and his kin.
O playful man : O snake,
we clearly *have not yet lost Radha : are not yet sinners*.
Why, o you whose banner is the plow,
do you not come here, to Vrinda·vana,
pervading it with your body's beauty,
as dark as the autumn sky?'

‹na rāgaṃ, sarva|jña,
kva cid api vidhatte, Rati|patiṃ
muhur dveṣṭi, drohaṃ
kalayati balād *iṣṭa*/*vidhaye*.
ciraṃ dhyān'|āsaktā
nivasati sadā Saugata|ratis
tath" âpy asyāṃ, ha ho,
sa|daya|hṛdaya, tvaṃ na dayase.›

‹parikleśa|mlecchān
sa|mada|madhu|p'|âlī|madhurayā
nikṛnta|netr'|ânta|
praṇaya|racanā|khaḍga|latayā
tvam āsīnaḥ, Kalkinn,
iha catura|gop'|āhita|ratiḥ
sva|deśaṃ kurvīthāḥ
pratimuditam *ārādhikam* idam.›

iti prem'|ôdghāṭa|
samputita|vaco|bhaṅgir akhilaṃ
tvam āvedya klidyan|
mukha|parisaro locana|jalaiḥ,
tato Govindasya
prativacana|mādhvīka|padavīm
upāsīno dṛgbhyāṃ
kṣaṇam avadhīthāḥ, kha|ga|pate.

'O omniscient one,
she doesn't feel passion for anything,
constantly pours scorn on the god of love
and is hostile to
her beloved's way of life : the rite of sacrifice.
For a long time she has remained
always fixed in meditation,
delighting in you, the Buddha,
but—alas!—you,
who have compassion in your heart,
show none to her.'

'O Kalki, cutting down those barbarians, sorrows,
with a creeper-like blade fashioned
from the affection in your side glances
and deliciously sweet to the swarms of drunken bees,
you should show love for the charming cowherds
and reside here in your homeland,
making *Radha and everyone else happy : it happy and adoring*.'

O lord of the birds, having said all this,
your elliptic words enveloped
in an outpouring of love,
tears wetting your face,
you should then sit close to Govínda
and fix your eyes for a moment
on the place from where
the nectar of his reply will come.

praṇetavyo dṛṣṭer
anubhava|pathaṃ Nanda|tanayo,
vidheyo gopīnāṃ
bhuvana|mahitānām upakṛtiḥ.
iyaṃ yāmair gamyā,
catura, Mathur" âpi tri|caturair
iti dvaidhaṃ n' ântaḥ
kalaya, kala|haṃsī|kula|pate!

4.140 *a/pūrvā* yasy' ântar
vilasati sadā *sārasa/rucir*,
vivektuṃ śakyete
sapadi milite yena payasī,
kathaṃ kāraṃ yukto
bhavatu bhavatas tasya kṛtinā
vilambaḥ, kādambī|
ramaṇa, Mathurā|saṅgama|vidhau?»

prapannaḥ premāṇaṃ
bhagavati, sadā Bhāgavata|bhāk,
parācīno janm'|â-
vadhi|bhava|rasād, bhakti|madhuraḥ
ciraṃ ko 'pi *śrīmāñ*
jayati viditaḥ *sākaratayā*
dhurīṇo dhīrāṇām
adhidharaṇi Vaiyāsakir iva!

O lord of all the lady swans,
you must experience
the sight of Nanda's son
and you have to help the *gopi*s—
they are the glory of the world.
Look! There is Máthura.
You, o clever one,
could reach there
in three or four *yama*s,
so don't dither!*

O sweetheart of the lady swans, 4.140
a unique relish for flavors : a unique interest in matters of love
the unparalleled taste of swans
is ever-present in you,
so you are able to separate
a mixture of milk and water.
How can it be right for one as clever as you
to put off your meeting in Máthura?"

Like the chief of the wise—
the earthly son of Vyasa—
in love with the blessed one,
always enjoying the *Bhágavata*,
indifferent from birth
to the pleasures of existence
and delightful in his devotion,
may a certain *glorious man : poet*
known *for his writings : as coming from Sákara*
long reign supreme!*

rasānām ādhārair
a|paricita|doṣaḥ sa|hṛdayair
Mur'|â|rāteḥ krīḍā|
niviḍa|ghaṭanā|rūpa|mahitaḥ
prabandho 'yaṃ bandhor
akhila|jagatāṃ tasya sarasāṃ
prabhor antaḥ sāndrāṃ
pramada|laharīṃ pallavayatu!

Sensitive men of learning—
pools of aesthetic sentiment—
find no faults in this poem:
it is graced by the beauty
of stories full of the playful pastimes
of the enemy of Mura.
May it send forth
intense and expressive
waves of joy
to the heart of that lord
who is the friend of all the universe!

NOTES

Bold *references are to the English text;* ***bold italic*** *references are to the Sanskrit text. An asterisk (*) in the body of the text marks the word or passage being annotated.*

1.1 **Yaksha**s are divine beings that serve Kubéra, the god of wealth. To the commentator Vállabha, Rama's mountain was the holy mountain at Chitra·kuta in Madhya Pradesh now known as Kamta·giri, where Rama performed austerities while in exile.

1.2 The lunar month of **Ashádha** ends in July or August.

1.4 The lunar month of **Shrávana** follows Ashádha and, being at the height of the rainy season, is particularly dear to lovers.

1.6 The **Pushkaravártakas** are a type of cloud noted for the huge amount of water they pour forth.

1.7 There is a crescent moon on Shiva's head.

1.10 The **chátaka** bird is said to live off raindrops alone. Cranes mate in the rainy season.

1.12 **Mánasa** is the lake at the foot of Mount Kailása.

1.14 In Kali·dasa's time, the ***siddha***s, or "perfected ones," were a class of demigods. Elephants guard each of the eight cardinal directions.

1.15 **Anthills** are said to contain cobras and cobras are said to contain **brilliant gems**, from which **rainbows** are born. Vishnu in his cowherd guise is Krishna, who wears a peacock feather chaplet.

1.17 **Amra·kuta** is modern-day Amarkantak, the source of the Nármada in eastern Madhya Pradesh.

1.19 **Reva** is the River Nármada.

1.20 The pun *(śleṣa)* in which ***ghana*** is taken to mean "fat man" and the verse to be a description of him purging himself and drinking medicated water is not noted by Vállabha.

1.21 "Bees," "antelopes" and "elephants" are all translations of the single word ***sāraṅgāḥ***, which literally means "of variegated color." Vállabha takes it to mean "peacocks" throughout the verse.

1.23 **Dashárna** was in eastern Malva.

1.30 **Vishála** is another name for Ujjain.

1.32–33 **Chandéshvara** is Shiva Maha·kala, whose principal shrine is in Ujjain. The ***gana***s are his troop of followers. Shiva's neck is dark as a result of his having drunk a poison that threatened to destroy the world.

1.36 **Pashu·pati**, i.e., Shiva, first danced his ***tāṇḍava*** dance after killing an elephant demon and wearing its skin. **Bhaváni** is Shiva's wife.

1.43 Shiva's son **Skanda** was created to defeat the demons when Shiva's seed fell into Agni's mouth.

1.45 The **daughters of Súrabhi** are cows. **Ranti·deva** performed numerous cow sacrifices and the resulting blood formed the Charmanvati river, known today as the Chambal.

1.48 The reference is to the main battle of the Maha·bhárata war, which was fought at Kuru·kshetra. **The wielder of the bow called Gandíva** was Árjuna.

1.49 The **plow-bearer** is Bala·rama, Krishna's brother, who was famously fond of drinking. After preferring to go on pilgrimage rather than fight his kinsmen in the Maha·bhárata war, he killed a brahmin who offended him. He then gave up drinking alcohol to expiate himself of the sin. **Révati** is his wife.

1.50 **Jahnu's daughter** is Ganga. **Kana·khala** is today part of Hardwar. Shiva, whose wife is called Gauri and who has the moon as his crest-jewel, used his matted locks to deflect Ganga's fall. Foam is like laughter because it is white, like bared teeth.

1.51 The **Yámuna**, which is dark like the cloud, joins the pale Ganga at Prayága, far downstream from Kana·khala.

1.52 The **three-eyed god** is Shiva. His bull is white, so the cloud atop the snowy mountain is being compared to the dark mud he loves to dig up with his horns.

1.54 A **shárabha** is a mythical eight-legged mountain-dwelling beast, similar to a deer.

1.57 **Párashu·rama**, head of the race of Bhrigus, was jealous of Skanda and sought to emulate him by sending an arrow through the cleft of Krauñcha.

1.57 In his dwarf incarnation, Vishnu defeated the demon **Bali**.

1.58 The mountain chain is compared to Shiva's **laughter** because the white peaks look like his teeth; cf. verse 50. The reading ***pratiniśam*** is taken by Vállabha to mean "every night."

1.59 Bala·rama, the **plow-bearer** (cf. v. 49), was pale-skinned (in contrast to his dark brother Krishna) and wore dark clothes.

2.65 These flowers bloom at different times of the year; Kali·dasa is showing how in Álaka all seasons happen at once.

2.75 Trees are said to have cravings, similar to those of pregnant women, which need to be satisfied before they put forth flowers. The **ashóka** blossoms when kicked by the left foot of a beautiful woman, the **bákula** when wine is poured on it from her lips.

2.79–80 The **chakra·vaka**, or ruddy goose, is known for its longing for its mate, from whom it is said to be separated at night.

2.97 The **son of the wind** is Hánuman who came to find Sita in Lanka after she had been kidnapped by Rávana.

2.111 **Lightning** is the cloud's wife. Cf. verse 38.

3.1 **Sandal mountain** is an epithet of Málaya, a mountain in the Western Ghats. **Gandhárvas** are celestial beings renowned for their musical talent.

3.2 **Smara** (or Kama), the god of love, has flowers for arrows.

3.7 Snakes are said to eat air.

3.10 The **daughter of the earth** is Sita, Rama's wife, who was kidnapped by Rávana, the King of Lanka.

3.11 The ***śivaliṅga*** at the temple of Raméshvara (Shiva) has no moon above it. Dhoyi has conjectured that Gauri, Shiva's wife, was jealous of the courtesans there and removed it. A **triple roll** of flesh on a woman's belly is a sign of beauty.

3.12 **The god with five arrows** is Kama, the god of love.

3.19 **Mandakárni's** austerities were successfully stopped by the gods when they sent five (***pañca***) divine maidens (*apsaras*) to distract him. He built a chamber in the lake for them, from which, it is said, their music can still be heard.

3.21 The location of **Kalínga·nágari** is uncertain.

3.26 Kérala would be a huge detour for the wind, so the city made famous by **Yayáti** must contain exiled ladies from Kérala. Its location is uncertain.

3.26 ***Naga*** and ***kramuka*** are both varieties of the betel plant. From the creepers come the leaves for wrapping ***pān***, from the trees the nuts that go inside.

3.28 **Murári** and **Kámala** are Vishnu and Lakshmi. A pun is being made on Lakshmi's name Kámala, which means lotus.

3.30 The **guru of Raghu's dynasty** is Surya, the sun; the **river of heaven** is Ganga and the **daughter of the mountains** is Párvati.

3.33 The **daughter of the sun** is the River Yámuna, whose waters are famously dark (in contrast to pale Ganga). Cf. "Cloud Messenger" (Megha·duta) 51.

3.34 Snakes are said to eat the wind (cf. v. 7).

3.38 The moon and **moonstones** are said to emit cooling drops of water.

3.40 The ladies used **lotus fibers** as bracelets and necklaces.

3.45 The woman going to meet her lover (***abhisārikā***) is a common motif of Sanskrit poetry. She has muffled her necklace in order not to be heard.

3.48 **Kandarpa** is Kama, the god of love.

3.53 Indra, the king of the gods, has a **victory banner**.

3.54 The **line of hair** extending below the navel (***romāvalī***) is a standard motif of feminine beauty.

3.58 Dhoyi is giving the conquered city, bereft of its beloved king, the attributes of a widow.

3.69 The hand is often compared to a **lotus**.

3.72 Kuválayavati is so lovesick that the usual remedies make her faint.

3.78 The **moon**, the **bákula flower** and **bees** are archetypal romantic motifs.

3.81 Kuválayavati's tears reflect the moon, thus resembling a white parasol, the insignia of a king.

3.83 As well as her cheeks, her mind and her eyes are also behaving like an ascetic: being surrounded by fire and immersing oneself in water are traditional austerities still practiced by ascetics today.

3.85 As it also bears the scent of sandal, the wind from **Mount Málaya** shares the inability of her sighs to cool her passion despite being scented with sandal.

3.86 Kuválayavati dislikes the moon because of its beauty; the two Ashvins (**the divine doctors**) are similarly renowned for their handsomeness.

3.87 Dhoyi is making a pun on two meanings of ***guṇa***: "string" and "attribute." The emaciated Kuválayavati has no ornaments or attributes, so she is like a bow without a string. Cf. verse 66, where she is also compared to Kama's bow.

3.89 All these actions increase passion. In her distress, Kuválayavati forgets this.

3.97 In his incarnation as Krishna, **Vishnu** was able to be with all his girlfriends at the same time. By mentioning his omnipresence and calling him "the wielder of the bow" (an epithet of Vishnu), Kuválayavati is comparing the king to Vishnu in the hope that he might be with her as well as with his many other wives. Other words in this verse are typical of devotional Vaishnavism: ***bhakti***, "devotion," ***anugṛhṇāsi***, "you show me grace" and ***kāyavyūha***, "manifestation of the body."

3.101 The **elephants**, the **staff** and the **fly whisk** are symbols of sovereignty.

4.4 The **daughter of the sun** is the River Yámuna.

4.9 The swan (***haṃsa***) is being compared to a great saint (***parama/haṃsa***, the "someone virtuous" of the verse): the great saint lives near holy rivers, delights in lotus flowers, not worldly existence, and has a pure soul.

4.10 Krishna is commonly referred to as the **enemy of Madhu**, a demon whom Vishnu killed. A pun is also being made on the meaning of ***madhu*** as spring, the season of love. By taking himself away, Krishna has become the enemy of love.

4.12 **Lord of generosity** is a familial epithet of Akrúra, here used ironically by Rupa. The city of the Dashárhas is Máthura.

4.14 The **Vrishnis**, or Yádavas, are the tribe of which Krishna is a descendant.

4.25 **Kubéra**, the god of wealth (here referred to with the epithet ***giriśa/su/hṛt***, "Shiva's friend"), lives in his city Álaka on Mount Kailása, the home of Shiva.

4.27 **Bhandíra** is a famous banyan tree on Mount Go·várdhana. The swan is being compared to Vishnu's conch, the sun to his discus. Vishnu, in his incarnation as a dwarf, assumed enormous proportions to stride across the sky.

4.31 **Vrinda**, the goddess of Vrinda·vana, is also identified with the **túlasi** plant. Her blossoms aggrieve her because they will not be enjoyed by Krishna.

4.33 **Madhu·puri** is modern-day Máthura.

4.41 The enemy of **Mura** is Krishna

4.44 The ***gopi***s gave the parrots to Úddhava so he could take them to Máthura and pass on their message to Krishna.

4.45 **Peacocks** are said to sing to rain clouds.

4.46 The "Tenth Chapter" is that of the *Bhāgavatapurāṇa*.

4.48–49 A **mákara** is a mythical sea creature, half crocodile, half dolphin.

4.50 The **cruel man** is Akrúra.

4.51 The **crowning glory of the Shinis** is Sátyaki and **Brihas·pati's disciple** is Úddhava.

4.52 The **king of the birds** is Gáruda.

4.54 The **divine sage** is Nárada.

4.58 The **restraining ropes** are those which Yashóda, Krishna's mother, used to stop Krishna from wandering when he was a child.

4.69 Rupa is making puns on the names of three demons that Krishna had defeated.

4.72 The **koyal**, or Indian cuckoo, is black.

4.76 **Shámana** is Yama, the god of death, and his sister is the River Yámuna.

4.79 The hunchback **Kubja** is a servant of Kamsa in Vrinda·vana and is thus lucky to be near Krishna.

4.94 It is said to be fatal for a lovelorn woman to look at a bud on a mango tree.

4.130 **Sairándhri** is a word for a servant girl (i.e., Kubja) and a name taken by Dráupadi (a paragon of wifeliness and therefore the same as Radha) in the Maha·bhárata. Kubja's job was to bring sandal to Kamsa, but when one day she met Krishna and Bala·rama, she gave it to them instead.

4.139 A ***yama*** is three hours.

4.141 Rupa is comparing himself to Shuka·deva, the son of Vyasa. The *Bhāgavata* is the *Bhāgavatapurāṇa*, which is full of stories of Krishna.

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